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HE WOULD REVERENTLY RAISE HIS BONNET AND GIVE THANKS

The Scottish Shepherd.

Through the valleys, over the moorlands, in and out among the hills, went the faithful shepherd with his flock, ever leading them to green pastures, seeking out the wanderers, and tenderly caring for the weak and ailing, little heeding the bleak autumn winds that swept down upon him, so that they found him where duty called.

David Forbes was a good man, and so highly esteemed among his neighbors, that, though he was but a hired man, he was made an elder of the kirk, and held in great esteem. He had come of a good stock, too, which is thought much of among the Scottish peasantry; both his father and his grandfather had been highly esteemed for their goodness, and David would have thought he was doing dishonor to their memory if he had been guilty of any mean or unworthy conduct. Alone among the hills he would as reverently raise his hat and give thanks to God for his food, as he would when seated in the village among his friends.

David was a prime favorite among the boys of the village. Almost every Sunday evening, when there was no preaching, these lads would go up to David in the hills and listen to the stories he would tell of the old persecuting times, when men and boys and tender women would venture among the hills, even in rough and stormy weather, to listen to some of the saintly men whom God had raised up in those days, and who dared not come into the towns to preach.

'Ah, boys!' he would say, 'there was a real hunger to hear the Word in those days, very different from these easy-going times. It was there, in that knoll,' he continued, pointing to a small hill, 'that Cameron preached with such power that men and women threw themselves on the ground and cried out for mercy. Indeed, it must have been grand to live in those days and stand among the saints and martyrs who were hazarding their lives for Christ's sake!'

On another occasion, pointing up to a peak among the hills, he said, 'It was on that mountain that a great gathering once took place to hear Peden the Prophet. There were lords and ladies gathered from the great houses, and men and women from the farms and cottages around. How the tidings were passed of his coming I can hardly tell; it was whispered, I suppose, from one to another, and people gathered from far and near.

'Eh, boys! he was a great man, was Peden. He seemed to know the will of God, and when he spoke it was wonderful to hear him. It was as if God were near. But on this occasion the news somehow got to Claverhouse, and a party of dragoons were sent to take him and as many folks as they could.

'You know watchers were set all round, and Peden had no sooner begun his sermon than tidings came that their meeting was known and the hill surrounded. A great dismay fell upon all the people. They were trapped, and there was no getting away. Then Peden began to pray. They were in the hands of God. He could wrap them in his mantle, he could make darkness their tabernacle round about them. He prayed that God would hold them in the hollow of his hand.

'Now, boys,' continued David, 'hear what took place. While Peden was praying there gathered slowly round them a thick fog, and completely hid them. The soldiers came riding up, but they dare not venture among the hills. The folks round Peden could hear the clanking of their weapons as the soldiers passed near them, but they were quite hidden and were safe in the hands of God. And so God delivered his people; he ever keeps covenant and mercy. And thus the people were delivered.'

The boys would listen with intense interest to some of these stories. They knew them to be true. In many cases grandfathers and grandmothers had mingled with the throngs who gathered round the great preachers. Relatives had suffered in the old cause 'for Christ and covenant;' and as they listened they were fired with an enthusiasm for the old cause—they too would live worthily; and many a boy resolved to tread in the footsteps of their noble fathers.

'And remember, boys,' said David, as we were all coming down the hills together one Sunday night, 'it is well to be proud of the noble deeds our fathers did, and I'm always glad I came of a good stock myself; but the great thing for each of us is to be a servant of Jesus Christ. Each one must believe on Jesus Christ for himself, or there is no service to God—nay, there is no salvation. And I want to see you boys doing a great work for the Saviour, and therefore I want you saved. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.'—J. Scott James, in 'Friendly Greetings.'

An Accuser Silenced.

Two fellow travellers were seated together in a railway carriage engaged in earnest conversation. It was of a religious nature, and one of them, a sceptic, was evidently seeking to excuse his scepticism by expatiating on the various evils which afflict Christendom. He was detailing, with manifest pleasure, the hypocrisy and the craft and the covetousness and the divisions found in the professing Church, and then he pointed to some of the leaders as the most markedly corrupt of the whole.

In front of them sat a Christian who was compelled to hear all this. Had he felt the accusation to be false, he might have suffered them all, as a part of the hatred that the world bears toward Christ, and been truly happy in so suffering; but he knew them to be true—too true to be concealed from the most charitable mind, so all he could do was

to bow his head and bear the deserved reproach.

Soon, however, the accuser, anxious to extend the circle of his audience, addressed this fellow passenger in front of him.

'I see you are quick to detect evil,' answered the Christian, 'and you read character pretty well. You have been uncovering here the abominable things which have turned all Christendom into a wreck, and are fast ripening it for the judgment of God. You have spared none, but given all a good measure. Now, I am a Christian, and I love the Lord Jesus and his people. Not a word shall I offer in defense, but I here solemnly challenge you to speak the first word against the Lord Jesus Christ himself.'

The sceptic was surprised. He seemed almost frightened, and sheepishly replied, 'Well, no; I couldn't find fault with him. He was perfect.'

'Just so,' said the Christian, 'and therefore was my heart attracted to him; and the more I looked at him the more I found that I wasn't like him at all, but only a poor, sinful, guilty man. But tell me yourself if I hadn't a right to be happy and to love him when I found out that he had died for me? Ever since then I truly love him, and all the evil which professed followers of his may do cannot turn me away from him. My salvation hangs on what he has done, and not on what they are doing.'—Horatius Bonar.

Medical Work in Battle Harbor Labrador.

(Dr. Cluny Macpherson, in the 'Toilers of the Deep.')

Some of our friends may be interested in hearing particulars of the two epidemics which visited this part of the Labrador Coast last year.

The first news from the outside world for six months we received from the passengers of the SS. 'Home,' who arrived in a small open boat, having pushed their way through the Arctic slob from Chateau, some thirty miles to the southward, where they were all dropped by their steamer, which dare not venture along between the floe and the shore, where a small boat could pass with impunity. So eager were we for news after this long silence that we could not wait for the boat to reach the wharf, but ran over the rocks to the extreme entrance of the harbor, and from there showered questions on the passengers. Much to our delight, we found they had been able to bring a portion of our mail with them.

Unfortunately though, our friends brought with them more than news, for they had about them the 'Grippe' microbe, and the day after their arrival, one of the number developed a severe case of this malady. This happened to be Sunday, and fully half of the people in this and the adjoining harbors visited the tilt in which he was staying to hear 'the news.' In considerably less than a week as many were attacked by the disease, and in another week the whole population was down with it.

As is true with any epidemic visiting this coast, the people suffer very severely. Practically all contagious diseases are brought to the 'livyeres' by the Newfoundlanders in the spring, and they find the people in a low state of vitality, consequent upon a long winter's diet of flour, tea and molasses—certainly in a very poor condition to resist disease of any sort.

In view of the rapid spread of the disease, I could no longer wait for the people to send to Hospital for me, as I found that in many of the houses there was no one strong enough to even light the fire or attempt to prepare a bit of food, so there was nothing for it but a daily house to house visitation. At the Hospital the Sister prepared large quantities of nourishing soup, and distributed it to the sick. Many of the people have since told me that this was the only food they had tasted for days. All the hospital servants were next taken down, but fortunately the members of the staff escaped. With the epidemic here at its height, there arrived from Fox Harbor and other outlying settlements boats manned by ghost-like crews, who came for me, bringing news of the spread of the disease and begging for medical assistance. So sweeping had it been that in some neighboring settlements the four or five necessary to man a boat could not be found; in many cases the crew which came for me was composed of the first convalescents, who were so exhausted that had they not been favored with a trade wind, they would have been unable to return home. Some seven miles from here there are three harbors, with about a mile between them, and here 'grippe' had played such havoc that with these three communities to draw from, a single boat's crew could not be got together to come for me for several days.

Mr. Croucher, Baine, Johnson and Co.'s agent here, and our very good friend, kindly placed his well-built, centreboard boat and the services of an able-bodied man at my disposal, and during the following weeks I travelled from harbor to harbor in this, losing many valuable hours beating about at the oar in long calms. All this made one feel how necessary to our work at this hospital is a boat not dependent upon sails and oars alone for her motive power.

One day I had been trying to beat back from Deep Water Creek against a light head wind and very heavy swell, but when in sight of the hospital and about three miles off, even this little breeze failed us. We had made up our minds to a night on the Atlantic in a small open boat, but about nine o'clock, made out steaming towards us the trim little 'Julia Sheridan,' which had called in at Battle on her way north, and learning of our predicament came to our assistance. This incident only serves to show what a great help a small steamer attached to this hospital would have been during the past summer.

My longest trip in open boat through the ice was to Chateau, some thirty miles distant, to visit a woman ill of pneumonia, and others suffering from 'grippe.' Some idea of the help these fishermen will give each other in time of trouble will be gained by the fact that in this instance a crew of six men rowed 120 miles through the heavy Arctic ice floe in four days, to enable me to visit this poor woman and return home again. One stalwart fellow remarked, 'We don't give no heed to rowing dat bit, sar, s'long as you are able to cure 'er, sar.'

With the 'grippe' epidemic at its height, measles broke out in a planter's family on a schooner on her way from Newfoundland. Before I had seen these cases they had settled in their summer house, and the 'livyeres,' flocking around, eager for a bit of news from the outside world, carried the infection to almost every house in the harbor. Measles had not been here for twenty-two years, and this, together with the fact that the people were already in a terribly weakened condition after 'grippe' made the outlook serious indeed. Many of the fishermen practically lost their summer's catch through contracting measles before they had gained sufficient strength after the 'grippe' to be able to attend to their nets.

Throughout both these epidemics I received the hearty assistance of Mr. Gardner, Church of England missionary here, who, after his recovery from 'grippe,' spent the greater part of his time in distributing medicines and invalid food to the people, when the in-patients made it imperative that I remain in Battle Harbor.

A little later we were visited by Dr. Kingman, an eminent specialist from Boston, who performed several operations of a critical nature on patients in the hospital here, all of whom made excellent recoveries, and every case has proved an unqualified success. The patients were not the only ones who benefited by Dr. Kingman's visit, for his kindly and sympathetic manner endeared him to all. To us his visit was a great stimulus in our medical work, after having been shut off from all chance of consultation for so long.

Battle Harbor has seventeen beds, and these during the past year have been occupied by over ninety in-patients; and during the same time more than fifteen hundred out-patients have received treatment, which exceeds the number of patients applying for treatment in any previous year.

In spite of the rush of medical work this year, we have been able to erect an annex of two stories to the hospital building, to give room for linen closets, lavatories, etc.; before long we shall have our new laundry building up and in use. A much-needed store for the storing of freight and clothing has also been erected.

The destitution this winter is even more pitiable than it was last. This is accounted for by the partial failure of the cod and salmon fisheries, and also by the fact that many of the families lost part of what was going through being taken down with measles or 'grippe' at the height of the fishing season. The most that we can do in the way of relief seems very little in the face of the great suffering.

Early next week I start off with dogs and komatik to travel from harbor to harbor over the long stretch of frozen coast line. Last year I was able to cover in this way more than a thousand miles; and through the experience thus gained I hope to be able to go further, and so reach a greater number of the 'livyeres' during the coming season.

A Prayer.

(Kate Gilmore-Black, in the 'N. W. Advocate.')

Thy will be done, dear Lord, not mine;
My will to choose whate'er is Thine!
Simple words are these to pray,
Yet breathing forth Thy truth, Thy way.

Lord, it is mine this choice to make,
And from Thy loving hand to take
Whatever comes of weal or woe,
As through me Thine own life doth flow.

Teach me for strength to wait on Thee,
That, in Thy presence, I may be
In body, mind and soul renewed,
And with Thy Spirit's power endued.

Transformed, that I Thy will may know;
Conformed not to this world below,
That henceforth it may truly be
Not I, but Christ who lives in me.

Lord, grant me thus Thyself to know
In resurrection life below,
That I may be a vessel meet
For Thine own use in service sweet.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Dorothy and Trusty.

'Lie down, Trusty! Keep still, sir!' Dorothy Kendall whispered.

It was Wednesday afternoon, and Miss Spencer, the teacher, had been reading a delightful story, and had given her little girls fifteen minutes to write what they could remember of it. Dorothy did not wish to be disturbed. Trusty ought to have understood that, she thought, he was such a scholarly dog. He came to school regularly with Dorothy and her little brother Archie, and sat beside her seat, which was the last in the row, never disturbing her while she was studying. But as soon as she went forward to recite, he would jump into her place and sit there until she returned, exactly like a 'committee man.' When the line was formed to march out at recess or at the close of the session, he took his place behind his little mistress, and Miss Spencer, who played the piano, said that he kept perfect time to the music, even in the wag of his tail. A wise, obedient dog was Trusty Kendall!

Why, then, should he suddenly sit upright with that keen expression on his handsome face?

'Oh, dear!' said Dorothy to herself. 'He's going to bark; I know he is. That's just the way he looks when a tramp comes to the back door. Lie down, Trusty!' she whispered to him again.

Behind her was a door leading into a narrow, dark hall, through which one could go to another schoolroom. It led to a closet, where the waste paper box stood, and where old maps and school furniture were stored.

'I will let Trusty stay in there until the school is done,' she thought.

So she quietly arose, took hold of his collar, and stepping to the door, opened it very softly. Trusty gave a long, whining growl and shrank back against her. Dorothy's heart gave one great throb, and then seemed to stop beating. The hall was full of smoke!

She closed the door and stood for an instant with her hand on the dog's collar, her poor little brain in a whirl; and then as fast as her little feet could carry her, she made her way to the teacher's desk, still holding Trusty, whose body was quivering with excitement.

'Miss Spencer,' she whispered, 'the hall is full of smoke, and I think the house is afire.'

The teacher glanced into Dorothy's white face, turned her own toward the door, smelled the smoke, clasped her hands as though to summon all her strength, and whispered in return. 'Go to Professor Lyon's room as quickly as you can, tell him in a whisper—Dorothy be sure to whisper—then come back to me.'

Miss Spencer turned and smiled upon the children.

'We will change the order now and give you a little exercise,' she said, and instantly sat down at the piano.

'Bang, bang!' Striking the keys sharply in that way meant 'Stand in your seats!' Another strain, and every one faced the door. Then came the quick, familiar march—quicker than usual this time—then tramp, tramp, sounded the little feet down the aisles, out through the doors, and down the stairs!

'She never heard our stories!' 'I think it's awful mean not to give us time to put up our books.' 'I guess teacher's sick. Didn't you see how pale she looked?' they exclaimed one after another, as soon as they dared to speak aloud.

Dorothy had given her message to the principal, adding, in a pitiful whisper that went straight to his heart: 'Now, can I go to the kindergarten and get my little brother?'

'I dare not let you,' said he, quickly. 'There is no danger if we can keep them from knowing. Run back to Miss Spencer and we'll all be out in a few minutes.'

But there was Trusty wagging his tail and whining as he looked up into her face.

'Why, he knows where Archie is, and he is a dog. Of course he can go. Yes, Trusty, go find Archie and bring him to Dorothy,' she whispered, as soon as they were outside, and away through the halls he darted.

Dorothy reached her own room just as Miss Spencer was gathering her watch, Bible and papers from the desk.

'Look!' cried the teacher, grasping the child's hand, 'the flames are just coming through the door. Hurry!' and with trembling feet they followed the children, whom they found just outside in the yard.

'Go on, go on! Sing "Hear the Sound of Little Feet!"' and the teacher started the familiar song, pressing to the front, and soon had her flock on the wide lawn just opposite the schoolhouse.

And now the fire bell began to ring. Clang! Clang! Clang! And pouring through the door came the pupils from the various rooms in the doomed building. Dorothy had sunk upon the grass beside Miss Spencer her hands cold, her limbs weak and trembling.

'There come the little kindergartners!' at once shouted some one. Dorothy struggled to her feet, tried to laugh, but only burst into tears as Trusty appeared leading the van and grasping with his teeth the red and black kilt of her precious little brother.

Another minute and she had him in her arms.

Then around the corner, with a leap and a dash, came the horses with the fire engines, men and ladders. Everyone was safe. Dorothy's father had found her and Archie, and the children were hardly happier than was Trusty, who was trying to express his joy in the best language he could command.

'He wants to tell you how he got Archie.

'Oh, that blessed dog!' cried one of the kindergarten teachers as she came up to the little group and bent over him. 'I'm most sure he saved the life of some of our tots. You see, Professor Lyon gave his pupils orders not to leave the room until the younger ones were all out; but he was obliged to leave them, and they were in a perfect panic and rushed down the hall just as we got our little ones out. We must have had a crush on the stairs if that dog hadn't stopped those big boys and girls. He barked and flew at them, and just held them back until we got our children down those dreadful stairs. He deserves a gold medal if ever a dog did.'

'And here's a girl that deserves another,' said Miss Spencer, throwing her arms around Dorothy. 'Why didn't you scream when you saw the smoke, my dear?'

'Why, you said we musn't. Don't you remember reading to us about that awful fire where the children got killed because they crowded down the stairs all together?' asked Dorothy.

When the children were gathered in a large church to begin study once more, Trusty appeared with a gold plate attached to his collar. It was given by the mothers of the little kindergartners, and upon it these words were engraved: 'To Trusty Kendall, the good dog that helped save our children from the fire.'—'Canadian Churchman.'

Out of The Depths.

(The Rev. Wm. Pierce, in the 'War Cry.')

I wonder if there was a more noble and a more pathetic message sent back to the living from the brink of the grave than that of young Dawson, of the fated 'Caller Ou,' sent to his mother. The words are very few and simple. On the very verge of eternity, his vessel trembling like a living thing, as if conscious of impending destruction, the heart's passionate message has to be gathered into one simple and hurried utterance. And there it stands on the piece of drift wood: 'May the Lord comfort my mother. "Caller Ou," run down by an unknown steamer.—Dawson. No more time. Sinking.' All the great primitive passions of the heart are moved by the ship-boy's message. Brave lad! The pen that now writes of him moves at the impulse of tears. He was a hero every inch of him. She that bore him and mourned him departed, might dry her tears in her pride of being the mother of such a son.

It was a slow post that carried Dawson's letter to the shore. Twelve months and more it lay on the heaving deep.

'Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless main.'

Summer and winter, night and day, in storm and in sunshine, one can see Dawson's letter rising and falling on the wave, now washed about in scorn by the mad fury of the gale, lost in its wrathful tumult of foam, but again, when the 'storm-wind of the equinox' was lulled to rest, and sunshine fell in glittering glory upon the wide wastes of the sea, there goes Dawson's letter, 'courtesying over the billows,' as though it bore not the tale of sorrow, yet ever with its simple prayer exhibited to the eye of heaven. Out of the trough of the deep it rises to the crest of the steep wave, and, for an instant as though the sea, pitiful and relenting, were lifting up the supplication in its strong arms to the Divine gaze, a new prayer ascends, with all the greatness of its forgetfulness and simple trust, 'May the Lord comfort my mother!' And one element of her comfort we are sure will be to receive this message from her brave boy. But who shall direct it to an uninhabited land? What a strangely confused and crooked voyage the track of this piece of drift-wood would show, if marked upon a chart, driven for weeks hither and thither, forward and back, at the caprice of the changing winds and tides! and yet the blind forces of nature, though they work slowly, must at last bring this missile to land. Thither the unseen Hand guides it, till the last wave of the incoming tide casts it high upon the sandy beach. No loud peremptory knock arouses the fisher folk of the village, telling them that the Lord's postman has brought a message 'out of the depths,' and has deposited it upon the strand. It would have fallen in with our ideas if a smart peal of thunder had roused them to the fact that the King's Messenger had brought so far on its journey Dawson's letter; that now they were to undertake its further despatch to the bereaved mother. But he that guided this letter through the vicissitudes of its long year of voyaging, can direct a casual eye to the chance of Flotsam and Jetsam, and to the pale message still legible upon its surface, thanks to the stout heart and strong nerve of the pious lad that wrote it. And so this precious missive was saved from being cast into the fire.

'Sinking!' The simple expression is dram-

atic enough in its way. It brings the whole scene as vividly before the imagination as though many pages were occupied with the details of the night of the calamity. We do not choose to carefully picture the last moments of life, and vital consciousness of this view, for we are in the presence of a glory which guilds and transfigures his story. The 'sinking' is only a passing pang, and our faith cannot tarry over it. It is the 'rising' which fills our thoughts. I do not know what kind of welcome the glorified 'Church of the firstborn' gives to hearers when they draw nigh to the 'ivory gate and the golden,' but we are taught that there is a correspondence between virtue and its eternal reward. The recompense of God shall answer to the character that claims it. So I let my fancy picture Dawson's home-going with sounds of victory filling Heaven's sunny air. And if it be not irreverent, as I trust it may not be, to express in secular terms the thoughts which irresistibly suggest themselves, I can see the Lord fasten the Cross on Dawson's breast, given to those only who, on the earthly fields of battle, 'have shown conspicuous bravery under fire.'

The Thermometer Scale.

Why should the freezing point be marked 32 degrees and the boiling point 212 degrees on the Fahrenheit thermometer scale? Most students know that its inventor divided the space between these points into 180 degrees instead of the simpler 100 degrees used in the centigrade system, but few understand how this number came to be chosen. A writer thus explains the matter:

'The thermometer was really invented by Sir Isaac Newton. He started his scale with the heat of the human body, and used as his instrument a glass tube filled with linseed oil. The lowest figure on the scale was the freezing point, and the highest point boiling water. The starting point of this scale, as mentioned, was the heat of the human body, which he called by the round number 12, as the duodecimal system was then in common use. He divided the space between the freezing point and the temperature of the body into 12 points, and stated that the boiling point of water would be about 30, as the temperature must be nearly three times that of the human body.

'When Fahrenheit took up the subject a few years later, he used the Newton instrument, but, finding the scale not fine enough, divided each degree into two parts, and so made the measure between the freezing and the boiling points 24 parts instead of 12. Fahrenheit then discovered that he could obtain a lower degree of cold than freezing, and, taking a mixture of ice and salt for a starting point, he counted 24 points up to body heat. By this measurement he obtained 8 for the freezing point, and 53 for the boiling point. His scale now read: Zero; freezing point, 8; body heat, 24; and boiling water, 53. It will be noticed that this scale is identically that of Newton's, only starting lower and having the numbers doubled.

'It is with this scale that Fahrenheit worked for a long time, but, finally, finding the temperature divisons still too large, he divided each degree into four parts. Multiplying the numbers just given by four, the thermometer scale now in use results.

'The chance choice of Newton of the figure 12 to represent the body heat determined the present thermometer scale, even as the yard, feet and inches measures originally came from measures of parts of the human body, and as the width of the railway carriage was determined by the track, which, in turn, was determined by the width between the cart-wheels necessary to bear a load which could comfortably be drawn by a mule.—'American Inventor.'

Did Not Do It.

'Watch the levee, Sam, while I'm away. There are folks around mean enough to cut the levees and let the water on the crops just from pure wickedness. They don't like to see anybody doing better than themselves. Be sure and watch the point next Eldred's. We can't be too careful when the Mississippi is on the rampage, as it is now, and for this reason I am sorry to be obliged to go away to-night, but I must see Judge Dickson. I cannot go to Brentwood and get back before morning. Now, do you understand fully what is necessary for you to do? You must walk the levee all night. Can you do it?'

'Why,' of course, father,' said Sam Dorsey, a bright-looking, delicate boy about seventeen years old. 'I'm not a sleepy-head, and it won't be hard to keep my eyes open. No one will trouble anything on this front while I am around. If they attempt it, I shall do my best to prevent them.' And delicate as he was, he looked as if he meant it.

Mr. Dorsey looked troubled at this speech. 'Look here, Sam,' he said, 'I don't mean that you are to get into trouble with any person who may intend to do harm. If you see anything suspicious, or any one prowling around, all I want you to do is to run to Black's, and the white men there have promised to come over here if they are called.'

Mr. Dorsey was not the owner of one of those princely estates on the Mississippi which extend for miles down the front of the river. He was a hard-working man, who, by thrift and industry, had laid up money enough to purchase eighty acres of land. The promise of a crop this spring was very fine, and it would be a far greater misfortune for him to lose it than it would be for his wealthier neighbor, Colonel Eldred, who counted his acres by thousands, to lose his harvest. In fact, a crevasse on Mr. Dorsey's place would be total ruin. He walked into his house with an anxious and worried look.

'Milly,' he said to his wife, 'I've left the levee in Sam's care to-night. Give him something warm to eat; make him a cup of coffee, for he's got to stay on the levee till morning.'

'What are you afraid of, John?' asked his wife, looking keenly at him. 'Something troubles you. I'm sure the river must rise a couple of feet before the water will overflow, and it certainly will not rise as much as that to-night. Besides, 'I've heard that this levee was the strongest in the parish.'

'I suppose I'd better tell you,' her husband answered, 'or you'll fancy all sorts of horrors. You know Black Webster, don't you, the engineer at Eldred's?'

'Of course I know him. Why, it was his little son Phil that Sam was so kind to, when the child fell and injured his spine. Every little luxury or plaything that Sam got he used to take to that little negro, and I believe he taught him to spell.'

'Well, that has nothing to do with this man. I have good reasons for believing he cut the levee at Linwood's, and I told him so. Linwood had shot a horse of Webster's by accident, and that was the way he took his revenge for the loss of the animal. Col. Eldred won't listen to anything against him. You see he is useful, and Eldred is a thoroughly selfish man. I've been told that Webster has said he would be revenged on me, because I accused him of cutting the levee, and this very evening I saw him walking down my front examining it. He's a bad fellow, and will not hesitate to do me harm if the wish is in his heart.'

'But if he cuts your levee, won't Eldred suffer?' Mrs. Dorsey asked.

'No. His is several feet higher than this place, and he has a levee between us besides. I am very uneasy, and I hate to go away to-night.'

Mrs. Dorsey was not a timid woman, but she was frightened at the danger which menaced them. She knew that the business which called her husband away could not be postponed, but the idea of exposing Sam to danger was more than she could bear.

'But, John,' she cried, 'what do you mean by sending Sam to guard the levee to-night? If Webster is the wretch you think he is, he would as lief murder him as not, if he comes in his way.'

'Oh, I cannot believe there is any possibility that he would dare to do that. I've told Sam where to go if he sees any prowlers about.'

'But, John, Sam may not see him. And if Webster succeeds in cutting the levee, Sam would be drowned before he could get here.'

'Oh, well, Milly, it isn't worth while to make too serious a matter of this. We will hope for the best. It's just a clear case of necessity, for I cannot get one of my neighbors to watch here to-night. They all have their own fronts to guard, but they promise to come here in case of accident. Come, wife, I've always thought you a brave little woman before.'

Mrs. Dorsey was a Western woman, with a deal of Western pluck, but it seemed to desert her in this emergency.

'Have you told Sam whom you were afraid of?' she asked.

'I did not mention any name. I thought it might make him nervous to know I had such an enemy. I only gave him a general warning, for no man has any business to be prowling about the levees at night.'

'Men have no consideration,' Mrs. Dorsey muttered to herself, as she watched her husband ride away. 'They are not afraid themselves, and they have no sympathy for other people's fears.'

But her conscience smote her when she remembered the distressed look in her husband's eyes when he took leave of her. He was a most devoted husband and father, and she felt that nothing but stern necessity had forced him to expose his boy to possible danger.

When Sam came in to supper, she said to him, 'I am going to watch with you, Sam, to-night on the levee. We can take turns. You can watch till midnight, and I will watch till daylight. I don't mind sitting up at all, for I'm so well and strong it won't hurt me a bit.'

The boy looked at her with surprise, and then laughed outright.

'Why, mother, you must be crazy! Do you suppose I'd let you do such a thing? And you are awfully well and strong, ain't you, with a chill and fever every three days? No, I promised pa, and he depends on me. What do you think he'd say when he comes back to-morrow if he found that I had let you take my place? No, no, I cannot consent to your doing it, mother. If I'm not as strong as most boys, it won't kill me to promenade up and down the levee for one night. I can't understand what you're scared about.'

She was on the point of telling him, but she remembered what her husband had said, and checked herself. 'If you see any persons on the levee, Sam, you'll remember to do what

your father told you, and run to Black's? Do not stop to talk to them.'

Oh, I'll remember. If you will give me my supper now, I'll go on my watch at once.'

During the meal Sam chatted gayly. He didn't believe anybody would be mean enough to cut the levees. Oh, it was impossible, and he thought his father must be mistaken. Mrs. Dorsey, in spite of herself, caught something of her son's bright hopefulness, and in some degree was comforted.

'I'm off now!' cried Sam, jumping up. 'I'll run at once to Black's if I see anybody fooling around, so don't you feel uneasy. I won't be lonely, either, for I have lots of things to think about. I tell you what I'll do, too. I have a whistle in my pocket, and every time I get opposite the house I'll blow it so you will know I'm all right, and not asleep at my post. But do go to bed and don't sit up.'

There was no sleep for Mrs. Dorsey that night. She sewed until her eyes ached, and then lay down on a lounge, listening for the whistle which came at almost regular intervals.

Meantime, Sam walked up and down, his eyes fixed intently on the shadows back and front of the levee. But about midnight, after the moon had risen, Sam was startled by seeing a dusky figure at the base of the levee rise suddenly from a stooping posture. It was so unexpected that the boy, with his eyes fixed on the figure, stood still a minute, but that time sufficed for him to recognize the man.

'Why, Webster, is that you?' he cried, with a laugh of relief. 'I was just about to clip it to Black's, when I saw it was you. Pa was afraid his levee would be cut to-night, and told me to give the alarm if I saw any one skulking about. I tell you what, I am glad it turned out to be you! How is Phil?'

'Phil's well,' he answered, sullenly. 'So you're the levee guard, is you? Your pa left a mighty puny body to watch his levee.'

'Well, you see, I don't really think the levee needs a guard. Now, Webster, do you think anybody would be mean enough to cut a levee and ruin people?'

'Yes, I does, and saye 'em right, too,' the man muttered.

'You don't mean that,' Sam said, his voice full of pain. 'I know you can't mean it, for you wouldn't do such a thing for the world. Phil used to tell me what a good daddy you were, and whenever I brought him things to eat he'd put up some for dad.'

'You wor good to him,' the man said, rather moodily, staring out over the water.

'I don't know about being good,' Sam answered, 'for I like him, and he likes me. He's to go on with his book when this levee scare is over. Do you really think the water will come over?'

'Looks' like your pa's place mighe be all drowned out. It's so low, and here's a heap ob crawfish holes in de levee.'

Sam sighed deeply. 'Well, if it does, my father says he'll have to go away, and it's too bad after he's worked so hard. And then I shall be obliged to give up going to school. That'll hurt me terribly, for I wanted to learn all I could. You see, my arm is so crippled with rheumatism I can't do hard work, and I have to make my living by my head if I can't do it with my hands. I'd hate to part with Phil, too, and he and I would be very sorry.'

The man's eyes softened as the boy spoke. He was really fond of his own little son, and he knew Sam had been a kind friend to him. When he vindictively determined to revenge himself on Mr. Dorsey, he never thought of his being the father of the boy who had done so much for his poor little Phil. He wavered for a moment in his dark project, and just then Sam said,—

'I've stopped here chatting to you longer than I ought, for pa told me to keep walking up and down all the time. My legs are getting awful tired; but, Webster, would you mind walking to the south end of the levee while I'm examining the north end? It will save me one tramp at least.'

As Sam disappeared in his round, the man actually laughed in his surprise.

'Ef dis aint de beatenest ting I eber heard of, and ef dat boy aint more like one ob de 'Postles dan livin' folks! He can't tink harm ob ole Satan hisself. Leaving' me to watch his pa's levee, and nebber suspicionin' I wor ready to cut it! I clar to gracious it's downright funny. I aint got it in my heart now to hurt dat little chap, and ef I hurts his pa, I hurts him, and ef I hurts him, I hurts Phil. No, I can't do it, nohow. De madness is all gone now, sure. Hi! whot's dat?'

A little pool of water had gathered around his feet. He struck a match, lighted a lantern he carried, and saw a small stream of water oozing from a hole about the middle of the levee. In less than an hour that hole would be a crevasse. Without a moment's hesitation, Webster dashed off to the Eldred plantation and was soon back with twenty men.

They drove down piles, they shovelled dirt, and Webster himself worked as if his life depended upon saving his enemy's field. In two hours the leak was closed and the danger over.

'You've saved us, Webster,' Sam said, his voice faltering. 'What a noble fellow you are, and how you worked! I must leave pa to thank you; I can't do it as I would like.'

'I don't want no thanks,' the man said, roughly. 'I done it fur you! You hear me? And I done more dan you knows ob fur you dis night.'

When Mr. Dorsey returned the next morning, and heard the events of the night, he exchanged a glance with his wife.

'The boy saved us, Milly,' he said when they were alone. 'There's no doubt in my mind that Webster was at that levee for the purpose of cutting it, but the goodness and innocent faith of our boy disarmed him. Love was stronger than hate this time, for which I am very grateful.'—'Youth's Companion.'

About Chinese Boys.

('China's Millions.')

There are twenty-five boys in our Mission School at Wen-chau—all we have accommodation for, in fact—full of fun and frolic, goodness and naughtiness and of all else that makes a boy a boy. Should you ask Mr. Dzing, their teacher, he would tell you enough about them to enable you to say 'They are much the same as boys in our school at home.' Some boys are uniformly good and never get a bad mark; one is always in the master's 'black book;' another cannot or will not learn his lessons, while yet another is always up to pranks as soon as the master's back is turned. However, in this letter I am not intending to write much about boy life in general, but will try to show how, in yet another way, boys are much alike, whether in America or in China. They have souls to be saved, lives to be changed, and need a Saviour who can and will do all this for them.

A few weeks ago we had a visit from Pastor Fransen, who spoke to the boys about Jesus, and his power to forgive sins and save from sin; and one morning fifteen boys knelt down and asked God to forgive and cleanse them. As they confessed their sins they all prayed aloud, and so I could hear them asking to be forgiven for lying, cursing, cheating, stealing and other dreadful things. Afterwards, all but two of these boys were quite sure God had forgiven their sins, and had given them new hearts, and that they were now going to live for Jesus.

A short time afterwards, five more boys, including one of the two who were not sure, or doubted that God had forgiven them, went into the matron's room and gave themselves to Jesus. Was it all real? What proof of their conversion can you bring forward? Well, the teacher's 'black book' and the matron's 'black book' have given very different records since. But not only so, the school atmosphere is different, and all our dealings with the boys seem to have been raised to a higher plane. Let me give just two typical instances:

The local name for a thief is 'a three-handed one.' Unfortunately this 'third hand' seems part of every boy's make up, and many of our school difficulties arise from this cause before the laddies learn the difference between 'meum' and 'tuum.' Sin-chung is a bright little boy, son of a Christian tailor. Glad were we indeed to see Sin-chung give his heart to Jesus Christ, for we thought of the trouble the boy had caused us through laziness and untruthfulness, and knowing his ability, longed to get him freed from these fetters. A day or two afterwards came a crisis in his life. Various things, knife, pencil, money, etc., had been missed from his chum's house, where he was a frequent visitor. These things disappeared most mysteriously, without any trace of the thief. Could it be Sin-chung? But no one could believe this, and there was not the slightest proof. Mr. Dzing, hearing of this, and praying about it, felt moved to take Sin-chung into a classroom, and ask God to make the boy really confess if he had taken anything. Sin-chung was asked if he had heard the things were missing. 'No,' was his reply, given in a most innocent manner.

Then Mr. Dzing told him that some folk were saying it might be Sin-chung, and then he and the lad knelt down to pray about it. Time passed—they still prayed. Then Sin-chung broke down completely and confessed that he had taken a pencil. After further prayer he acknowledged having stolen the knife and one or two other things. To make a long story short, he went to his chum's house to give back the article; but when there sobbingly said he must confess everything; he was so miserable; the money had also been stolen by him, and he promised to return it next day. One needs to know the Chinese boy to appreciate the force of this confession. A few weeks ago it would have been a series of lies, told in a voice of injured innocence; but now the Spirit of truth was working in Sin-chung's heart, and the change was marked indeed.

Another incident occurred just about the same time. The pastor's wife had unwisely left some cash lying about within reach of the schoolboys, and one day she found the cash had disappeared. Mr. Dzing enquired, but the boys one and denied taking it. So they prayed, and in primitive fashion drew lots. Bai-hae was taken. But he cried so bitterly, denying the theft, that the pastor's wife thought they had done wrongly, and had better revert to her old plan of unitedly praying. So Bai-hae, as a suspect, was sent out of the room, and they prayed. But a little while and he came in crying out that he was the thief, confessed when he had taken it and what he had bought with it. It was rather remarkable that in drawing, Bai-hae had half drawn another slip, but had returned it, and then drew the condemning one.

These are but two sketches that illustrate the truth that a Christian atmosphere uplifts a whole school. We find that lessons are better learned; school life is more healthful; and there is far less punishment of bad boys in consequence.

A True Cat Story.

A Wakefield family who reside in Magnolia during the summer, when they removed to Magnolia last June, took with them their pet cat, but pussie did not like the roar and dash of old ocean, but sighed for her home by the placid waters of 'Lake Quannapowitt.' She disappeared, and was not seen again all the summer. The family returned to their Wakefield home about the middle of September. They had been at home about two weeks, when one morning the daughter of the house was in the basement and heard a cat mew, and lo, at the window was her darling pet cat that she had long mourned as dead! It could not be; where did she come from? It must be a strange cat closely resembling 'Peanuts' (so called because of her fondness for the article).

'Well,' said the mother, 'there is one sure test. "Don," the house dog, will know his old playmate.' Don was called and the recognition was mutual; they both seemed delighted to meet again. It was evident the cat had travelled all the way from Magnolia to Wakefield, through the woods of Magnolia, Manchester, Beverly, over Beverly Bridge, Salem streets, Peabody, Lynnfield, found Wakefield—how did he know it to be Wakefield?—and hid up at her old home near the lake. I never saw a creature so delighted to find her young mistress and the other members of the family. What guided her over so many miles? Was it animal instinct?—Exchange.

The Tools Great Men Work With.

It is not tools that make the workman, but the trained skill and perseverance of the man himself. Indeed it is proverbial that the bad workman never yet had a good tool.

Some one asked Opie by what wonderful process he mixed his colors. 'I mix them with my brains, sir,' was his reply. It is the same with every workman who would excel. Ferguson made marvellous things—such as his wooden clock, that accurately measured the hours—by means of a common penknife, a tool in everybody's hand, but then everybody is not a Ferguson.

A pan of water and two thermometers were the tools by which Dr. Black discovered latent heat; and a prism, a lens, and a sheet of pasteboard enabled Newton to unfold the composition of light and the origin of color.

An eminent foreign savant once called upon Dr. Wollaston, and requested to be shown over his laboratories, in which science had been enriched by so many important discoveries, when the doctor took him into a study, and pointing to an old tea-tray on the table, containing a few watch glasses, test-papers, a small balance, and a blow-pipe, said, 'There is all the laboratory I have!'

Stothard learnt the art of combining colors by closely studying butterflies' wings; he would often say that no one knew what he owed to these tiny insects. A burnt stick and a barndoor served Wilkie in lieu of pencil and canvas. Bewick first practiced drawing on the cottage walls of his native village, which he covered with his sketches in chalk; and Benjamin West made his first brushes out of the cat's tail.

Ferguson laid himself down in the fields at night in a blanket, and made a map of the heavenly bodies by means of a thread with small beads on it stretched between his eye and the stars. Franklin first robbed the thunder-cloud of its lightning by means of a kite made with two cross sticks and a silk handkerchief.

Watt made his first model of the condensing steam-engine out of an old anatomist's syringe used to inject the arteries previous to dissection. Gifford worked his first problem in mathematics, when a cobbler's apprentice, upon small scraps of leather which he beat smooth for the purpose, while Rittenhouse, the astronomer, first calculated eclipses on his ploughandle.—'Smiles' Self-Help.'

A Faithful Dog.

Many hundred years ago, there lived at Athens a dog, whose faithfulness has caused him to be mentioned in history, and in the Grecian city his story is often repeated. The dog guarded one of the heathen temples of Athens. One night a thief stole into this building and carried off some of the most valuable treasures. The dog vainly barked his loudest to frighten the thief and to arouse the keepers, but the man went off with the jewels. The faithful dog, however, did not mean to lose sight of the rascal and all the way through the night followed him. By daybreak the poor animal had become very weary, but still he kept the robber in sight. The latter tried to feed him, but the dog refused all food from him; but as he made friends with the passers-by, he took it from them instead. Whenever the thief stopped to rest, the dog remained near him and soon a report went through the country of the animal's strange behavior. The keepers of the temple, hearing the story, went in search of the dog, and they found him still at the heels of the thief at a town called 'Cronyon.' The robber was there arrested, taken to Athens, and there punished. The judges were so well pleased with the dog's sagacity and faithfulness that they ordered him to be fed every day for the rest of his life at public expense. —'Canadian Churchman.'

Sidney Cooper and Collie.

'One day,' says Mr. Sidney Cooper, R.A., the celebrated painter of animals, 'when there was a pouring rain, a man consented to sit for me at the inn where I was staying. He brought his collie with him, and both of them were dripping wet; so he put off his plaid and laid it on the floor by the dog.

'I made a very successful sketch of the man, but before I had finished it the dog grew fidgety with the wet plaid, and his master said:

'"Tak' it awa', man; tak' it awa'!"

'The dog took the end of it between his teeth and dragged it out of the room.

'After I had finished the drover's portrait I asked him if he thought his dog would lie quiet for a time, as I wished to sketch him.

'"Oh, yes, man," he answered, "he'll do anything I say to him. Watch! Watch!" he called, and then "whustled" for him, as the Scotch say.

'As the dog did not appear, we went together to look for him, and found him sitting before the kitchen fire, with the end of the plaid in his mouth, holding it up to dry. I expressed my admiration of his intelligence, and the master replied:

'"Ah, he's a canny creature, sir! He knows mony things, does that dog, sir. But come awa', man; the gentleman wants to mak' your picture."

'So we returned to my room, and the handsome collie sat for his portrait.'—'Canadian Churchman.'

The Sergeant's Remedy.

The power of forgiveness even for an offense against human law is well illustrated in the following incident:

A soldier was about to be brought before his commanding officer for some offense. He was an old offender, and had often been punished. 'Here he is again,' said the officer, on his name being mentioned; 'flogging, disgrace, solitary confinement, everything has been tried with him.' Whereupon the sergeant stepped forward, and apologizing for the liberty, said: 'There is one thing which has never been done with him yet, sir.'

'What is that?' said the officer.

'Well, sir,' said the sergeant, 'he has never been forgiven.'

'Forgiven!' exclaimed the colonel, surprised at the suggestion. He reflected a few minutes, ordered the culprit brought in, and asked him what he had to say to the charge.

'Nothing, sir,' was the reply; 'only that I am sorry for what I have done.'

Turning a kind and pitiful look on the man, who expected nothing less than that his punishment would be increased with the repetition of his offense, the colonel addressed him, saying:

'Well, we forgive you.'

The soldier was struck dumb with amazement; tears started to his eyes and he wept like a child. He was humbled to the dust, and, thanking his officer, he retired—to be the old refractory, incorrigible man? No! from that day onward he was a new man. He who told the story had him for years under his eye, and a better conducted man never wore the Queen's colors.—Selected.

The Girl Who Laughs.

The girl who laughs—God bless her!—
Thrice blesses herself the while;
No music of earth
Has nobler worth
Than that which voices a smile.

The girl who laughs—life needs her;
There is never an hour so sad
But wakes and thrills
To the rippling trills
Of the laugh of the lass who's glad.

—'Ladies' Home Journal.'

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Horrid Girl; Horrid Place! Loving Girl; Happy Place.

(Emily S. Windsor, in the 'Orphan's Friend.')

For three days it had rained almost without intermission; a cold, pitiless downpour, accompanied by occasional sweeps of wind that furiously lashed the waters of the bay up over the rocks.

From the window at which she stood looking out, Laura Brent could see, beyond the strip of beach, nothing but dashing spray. The open ocean was hidden by a heavy curtain of fog. Behind it she knew that vessels were passing, but to-day not a gleam of sail to break the gray monotony.

A fierce gust of wind sweeping about the house and rattling the casements drove the girl with a shiver to the cheery wood fire which spluttered and glowed on the great old-fashioned hearth.

As she threw herself into an arm-chair her glance fell on the calendar hanging over the mantel shelf.

'May; the fourth. Horrible!' She frowned and threw a scornful look toward the window. 'And such weather! Horrid place. How I hate it!'

'What do you hate, dear?' Mrs. Brent had entered the room quietly and heard Laura's audible expression of her thoughts.

'This climate—and everything. Just think. Here it is the fourth of May and more like mid-winter than almost summer.'

Mrs. Brent sat down, and took some sewing from a work-basket on a table near her.

'Well, we do have a good deal of rain,' she said briskly, 'but I don't mind it. In fact, I think that I rather like rain. It keeps everything so fresh. And how lovely it is when the sun does shine.'

'The charm of contrast,' returned Laura, 'the bright days are so rare.'

Her mother made no reply. Her needle flew quickly in and out. The silence was broken only by the cracklir · of the fire, and the dash of the rain against the panes.

Laura crouched down in her chair, gazing moodily in and out. A frown marred the smoothness of her pretty forehead. Her mother gave her occasional anxious glances.

'Have you finished that piece of embroidery, dear?' she asked presently.

Laura made an impatient gesture. 'Oh, mother, what is the use of it? There is no one here to see whether we have pretty table covers are not.'

'We ourselves enjoy them, Laura,' replied her mother, quietly.

A distant door was heard closing, and a footstep in the passage.

'There's your father,' said Mrs. Brent. A moment later Mr. Brent entered the room. His wife looked up at him anxiously. 'Are you wet?' she asked.

'Not at all,' he answered, cheerfully. 'Ah, this fire is comfortable. Thank you, my dear,' setting himself in the chair which Laura had pushed toward him.

She walked over to the window.

'Isn't it ever going to stop raining?' she exclaimed.

'Oh, yes,' said her father, with a little laugh. 'There is an end to everything, you know.'

'Except to our living here,' cried the girl, impetuously. 'How I hate it away off from the world. We might as well be buried alive. Oh, father, it is just dreadful.'

Mr. Brent became immediately grave.

'I suppose that it does seem hard to a girl of seventeen,' he said, gently. 'But I see no way of altering affairs, Laura. I have not enough money saved to give up the position and look for another.'

'And we must stay here always?' asked Laura, despairing. 'How can we?'

Her father sighed heavily, but made no reply. Mrs. Brent seemed absorbed in her needle work.

After a long silence, during which Laura had remained at the window looking gloomily out at the fog-veiled bay, Mr. Brent turned to his wife, and said tentatively, 'Perhaps we might manage to send Laura to Boston to your sister for a few months. She has so often asked us to do so.'

Laura turned around eagerly. 'Oh, mother,' she said.

Mr. Brent went on without waiting for his wife to speak. 'She is so unhappy. Perhaps a few months' change will make her more contented.'

Laura went and stood by her mother, her eyes shining, and her face aglow with anticipation.

Mrs. Brent let her sewing fall into her lap. 'Perhaps it would,' she answered slowly. 'I am willing if you think it best. 'But it is an expensive journey.'

'I know it is,' admitted Mr. Brent. 'We'll have to save it off something else.' Then turning to Laura he said: 'My dear, we'll try to get you away by the first of June.'

The weather cleared during the night. The next day the sun was shining brilliantly. The fog was soon dissipated, and Laura, looking out at the shimmering blue of the bay, and the white sails on the horizon was in the best of spirits. And then was she not going to Boston? A few short weeks would find her far from this little Northern fishing station. Perhaps, she thought, while she was away her uncle and aunt might be able to get another position for her father.

She confided this hope to her mother during the day. Mrs. Brent shook her head. 'Positions are hard to get. Your father was very glad to have this. You were too young when we came here to know about all the business reverses and troubles he had. He is too old now to be making changes. He can stay here as long as he likes. The owners are pleased with his management. The climate suits him, too.'

A few afternoons later Mrs. Brent and Laura were busy sewing in the sitting-room, for the former said that if Laura was to go to Boston in June it was time for them to begin to get her clothes ready.

Mr. Brent came in hastily. 'My dear,' he said to his wife, 'I wish that you would go over to Sam Well's house. Mrs. Wells is not well enough to be left alone. I had to send him out with the boats. He was worried about leaving her. I told him that you would go over.'

'I thought that she was better,' said Mrs. Brent. 'I shall go at once.'

'Let me go, mother,' suggested Laura. 'You are tired, and it is such a long walk over there.'

'Yes, you will do,' assented her father. 'There is nothing to do, but Sam does not want her to be left alone.'

Mrs. Brent looked doubtful. 'Ought not I to go?'

Laura rose and folded her work. 'I am going,' she said, decidedly.

'I have to drive over to Colston this evening for the mail,' said her father, 'and I'll call for you and bring you home.'

'You'd better take your mackintosh,' warned her mother; 'it looks like rain.'

The road to the Wells' cottage led around the rocky ledge bordering the cliffs. The day in the earlier part had been bright and clear. But now, the sky was lowering and a chill wind had risen.

Out on the bay a heavy fog was settling down. But neither the dreary view nor the rain, which soon began to fall, depressed Laura. She hastened blithely along. She would soon be away from it all, she thought. On arriving at the Wells' home she found the sick woman asleep and a neighbor beside her.

'There is nothing to do,' said the latter; 'she sleeps most of the time. I must hurry home now. The children are alone and I'm not through all my work. I'll come back this evening when my husband comes home. Can you stay until then?'

'Yes,' answered Laura. 'My father is coming for me on his way back from getting the mail at Colston.'

'I'll be back before you go. I declare it is a shame that the poor thing has to be dependent on strangers, when she had a grown up daughter that ought to be here to take care of her. But there was not life enough for her in this place, so she went off to the city. And she barely earns enough to put a little finery on her back. Not a cent does she send home. A nice daughter she is! A child's duty is to the parents first. But these days girls must be thinking of having pleasure. Well, I'll go now.' And the woman hurried away.

Though the afternoon passed slowly enough, Laura did not find the time dull. Her mind was full of pleasant anticipations and plans for her coming visit to Boston. Still, she was glad when evening came, and with it her father. The neighbor returned almost at the same moment with some nourishment which she had prepared for the invalid, who awoke and announced herself as feeling better. It was raining heavily and very foggy. But enveloped in a mackintosh and tucked snugly back under the hood of the buggy, with a rubber lap robe disposed about her, Laura rather enjoyed the drive. Her father seemed preoccupied. At last he said: 'I've a letter from Mr. Goodrich.'

'From Mr. Goodrich,' repeated Laura. This gentleman was the senior member of the firm which employed her father.

'Yes,' went on Mr. Brent. 'He wants me to meet him at Crampton and go up to the farther shore with him. He thinks of establishing a new agency there and wants my opinion on various matters.'

'What a delightful trip it will be for you, father. I suppose that Mr. Goodrich has his own yacht?' said Laura, eagerly.

'Yes; I'd like to go very much. I've always wanted to take that trip, but it is impossible now.'

'Why?' asked Laura, in surprise.

'Because I must be here to attend the books.'

'The books!' exclaimed Laura. 'What is the matter with John Davis. Doesn't he attend to the books?'

'He went away this morning. There is some trouble at home, and his mother sent for him. I told him that he need not hurry back. He might as well take his holidays now.'

'Oh, it is too bad!'

'I am sorry,' said Mr. Brent, regretfully; 'but it can't be helped. There is no way of arranging matters.'

There suddenly flashed through Laura's mind a way of arranging matters, but she said nothing, for the thought was followed by another one of the sacrifice which the way would involve.

That evening during the discussion of Mr. Goodrich's letter by her father and mother, and while hearing her mother's expressions

of sorrow that her husband must miss a trip which would give him so much pleasure, the one way of arranging matters forced itself more and more into Laura's mind. It went to bed with her, and was reinforced by the thoughts of the sentiment expressed by Mrs. Wells' neighbor, 'a child's duty is to her parents first.' Then she thought of poor Mrs. Wells alone and sick, and her daughter away from her. Supposing her mother should get sick while she was away? It might happen, for her mother was not strong. How selfish she was to be wanting to go away just because she was tired of seeing rain and fog. It was as hard for her parents as for her, and they never complained. No, she would not go. And her father should have that trip. She could easily keep the books. She had helped her father all those weeks in the winter when John Davis was sick. She would get up early in the morning and write to Mr. Goodrich and tell him how it all was, and ask him to come on here for her father. She knew that he would do it, for everyone said that he was so kind. And her father should not know anything about it, until Mr. Goodrich came. He would be so surprised, and he would have to go, and what a lovely trip he would have. By the time that Laura had arrived at this conclusion she was just ready to fall asleep with a mind perfectly at peace.

She wrote to Mr. Goodrich in the morning and everything turned out as she had planned, though not without many protestations from her father about her lost visit to Boston. But Laura felt that her mother's pride and delight in her plan more than made up for any pleasure which she lost by not going to Boston.

'It's the first holiday that your father has had in years,' said Mrs. Brent as she and Laura watched Mr. Goodrich's yacht glide out from the bay into the open sea. There was no fog to-day and they gazed until the sails were a mere speck on the horizon. Then she turned and kissed Laura.

A Shot That Told.

At a recent temperance meeting the Rev. W. R. Mowll told a story of a Cambridge man of great ability who had once started to chaff him unmercifully about the strip of blue ribbon Mr. Mowll was wearing.

'I wonder you wear that piece of color in your buttonhole!' he remarked.

'Better wear it there than on my nose!' was Mr. Mowll's reply.

As the scoffer was sufficiently marked to appreciate the force of the rejoinder, Mr. Mowll was, needless to say, not further molested by him.—'League Journal.'

Having Some Fun.

'Now, boys, I will tell you how we can have some fun,' said Frank to his playmates, who had come together one bright moonlight evening for sliding and snowballing.

'What is it?' asked several at once.

'You will see,' said Frank. 'Who has a wood-saw,'

'I have.' 'So have I,' replied three of the boys.

'Get them, then, and you and Fred and Tom each get an axe, and I will get a shovel. Let us be back in ten minutes.'

The boys all started to go on their several errands, each wondering of what use wood-saws and axes and shovels could be in play. But Frank was much liked by all the boys, and they fully believed in what he said, and they were soon together again.

'Now,' said he, 'Widow Brown, who lives in that little house over there, has gone to sit up all night with a sick child.

'A man brought her some wood to-day, and I heard her tell him that, unless she got some one to saw it to-night, she would not have anything to make a fire with in the morning.

'Now we could saw and split that pile of wood just as easily as we could make a snow fort, and let's do it, and see if it won't give her a good surprise.'

To this novel proposition the boys all readily assented and they fell to with a will. The cold night air resounded merrily with the zip-zip of the saws and the sharp blows of the axes, but as the home where the good woman was watching the sick child was a considerable distance away, they had no fears that she could hear them. In a much shorter time than it would have taken them to build a snowy fortification they had completed the task, and then set about to pile up the widow's half-cord of wood, and to shovel a good path.

Now as has been said, the night upon which the boys played this novel 'joke' was a bright moonlight one, and if any of the passers-by had closely observed that shining orb, they would have noticed that the proverbial man in the moon had a merry twinkle in his eye, and seemed to be in quite a merry mood.

When the boys had completed their work, so great was their pleasure that one of them, who had at first said he would not go, proposed that they should go to a carpenter shop near by, where plenty of shavings could be had, and that each should bring an armful.

They all agreed to this, and when they had brought the shavings, they went to their several homes more than pleased with the fun of the evening.

The next morning, when the widow returned from watching by the sick-bed and saw what was done, she was indeed surprised, and wondered who could have been so kind.

Afterward, when a friend told her how it was done, her earnest prayer, 'God bless the boys!' was enough of itself to make them all happy.—'Our Dumb Animals.'

THE PRIZE WINNERS

:o:

For the First Week of the Subscription Competition.

The following are the successful competitors in the 'Gold Competition' for the first week from October 17th to 24th, inclusive, awarded for having remitted the two largest amounts of subscription money for the week:

First prize to W. F. Newcomb, Nova Scotia, who remitted $12.25. Mr. Newcomb gets $8.23 as commission and $10.00 as a bonus, his remuneration being $18.23 for one week's work.

Second prize, Miss L. D. Stirling, Ontario, who remitted $10 60. Miss Stirling gets $9.80 as commission and $5.00 as a bonus. Her remuneration being $14.80 for one week's work, and this was all earned by a list of subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' alone.

Both of these have also an interest in the large season prize to be awarded next June.

The next weekly competition will close Saturday, October 29th. Who will head the list next week?

These weekly competitions will continue until December 24th.

In addition to the weekly competitions all competitors have an interest in the 'Gold Competition,' which awards $200.00 in gold to the one sending the largest amount of subscription money (S. S. clubs for 'Northern Messenger' excepted before the end of May 1905. Those desiring to enter the competition will find full particulars in this week's issue.

These Prizes were despatched at once.

Playing in the Garret.

(By Ina Rea, in 'Daybreak.')

'Come along, Ernie. Let's play something,' said Nellie Crawford to her little four-year-old brother, who just then was not in the best of tempers.

'No; me not want to play,' returned Ernie. 'Me want to go to mama.'

'But you know mama is not home yet,' said Nellie. 'So do come and play with me till she comes. There's a good boy.' 'Well, tome on then,' replied Ernie, putting his little fat hand in hers, 'me will play.' 'All right,' said Nellie, 'we'll go to the garret, and I'll make you a nice bed on three of the old chairs. Then you'll make believe you're sick, and I'll be nurse. But wait, I must bring my dollies.'

'IT'S TIME YOU TOOK YOUR MEDICINE.'

The dollies were found, and then the two children went off to the garret where they usually played.

Nellie soon made a nice little bed on three of the old chairs, and made Ernie lie on it. Then she got an old box and made a bed for her dollies in it. Next she got one of grandma's caps and put it on her head that she might look like nurse.

Then she got a 'nine-pin' block, and came to the bedside with it in her hand. 'Come now, Ernie,' she said, 'it's time you took your medicine.'

Ernie put on a very solemn face and pretended to be taking something nasty. Then after a while he was allowed to sit up, and so on, until he was quite better of course.

Thus they played for a long time, and Ernie was happy and contented till mother came home again.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Nov., it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

In a Japanese Sunday-School.

(By Louise Manning Hodgkins, in 'S.S. Times.')

It was a Sunday-school in Tokio, and held in a neat little church, not greatly unlike any in America. It was made up of bright girls and boys, too, but every one had shining black velvety hair, sloe-black eyes, and an olive complexion.

The first thing you would have noticed was that many a girl had a baby brother or sister on her back, slid down in the pouch-like folds of her kimona, often clinging like a little monkey to her neck.

When we went in, they were all singing to a familiar tune, but in odd, unfamiliar language, 'What Can You Tell, Little Pebble?' and one little Japanese maiden stood up and trotted her baby brother to the tune till he went fast asleep, and gave her no more care while Sunday-school lasted.

There were pretty colored picture rolls and Golden Text recitations, as in America, and then something very odd happened. A big boy went around the church, that was strung across at right angles with strong wires, and drew white curtains everywhere, when, presto, change! the audience room had suddenly become six little recitation rooms. To be sure, everybody could hear what his neighbor said behind the curtains, but in Japan it seems to be only the distraction of the eyes that has to be prevented.

Who is the little man with short, gray hair? He seems to be a sort of sexton. 'Oh! that's a woman. Her short hair says she is a widow who will not marry again, and she is the church housekeeper,' was the answer.

Now everybody began to talk as loud as he could, and everybody seemed to end his sentence with 'Get up!' Whether it was so or not, we got up and went into the kindergarten room. Oh, how shivering cold it was! Not a spark of fire for a room full of dear little boys and girls, who, in spite of their red noses and chilled fingers, were having a very happy time.

'Oh! they never have fires in their homes in winter,' said my

guide; 'and they do not mind it, for they do not miss it.'

They certainly knew their texts beautifully well, and recited them with great composure.

In another Sunday-school each little boy and girl carried a wooden admission ticket, with a bright red silk string to fasten it to his little cloak. Such bright-colored little coats, often covered with gay-colored flowers or grotesque figures, such as we would use for curtains or sofa covers!

But what struck the visitor was the prompt way in which text after text was recited, and the eager little hands stretched up—for they all sat on the floor—for reward tickets, on which were only new texts to learn for next Sunday. After all, Sunday-school is about the same on either side of the world.

But going home from Sunday-school is a very different thing from what it is in America. Once out on the street, there is no sign of Sunday in a country that has no Sabbath. All the shops are open, hucksters and street buyers and sellers are rushing hither and thither, and our little Sunday-school boys and girls in heathen lands ought to have a great deal more credit than American boys and girls for remembering their lessons and texts, when there is every opportunity to forget them the moment they leave the church door for the noisy street and the homes where few hear anything about Jesus or the sabbath, heaven or God.

Old Dame Cricket.

Old Dame Cricket,
Down in a thicket,
Brought up her children of nine
Queer little chaps,
In glossy black caps
And brown little suits so fine.

'My children,' she said,
'The birds are abed;
Go and make the dark earth glad;
Chirp while you can!'
And then she began,
Till, oh, what a concert they had!

They hopped with delight,
They chirped all night,
Singing, 'Cheer up! cheer up! cheer!'
Old Dame Cricket,
Down in the thicket,
Sat awake till dawn to hear.

'Nice children,' she said,
'And very well bred;
My darlings have done their best;
Their naps they must take;
The birds are awake,
And they can sing all the rest.'

—'Waif.'

'Getting Even.'

(By Marion Brier, in 'Junior C.E. World.')

One Saturday morning Harold strode into the room where his Uncle Alec sat writing an editorial for the 'Times,' threw down his skates impatiently, and muttered, 'I'll get even with that Jack Hendry yet.'

Uncle Alec wrote on for some minutes while Harold looked out of the window and nursed his wrath.

Finally Uncle Alec turned to the figure by the window. 'Just why would you like to be even with Jack Hendry?' he enquired.

'Why, he's just as mean as he can be,' Harold burst forth. 'He's all the time doing something to bother us. You see, all of us boys but him have got skates, and it makes him mad. Last night after school we all went over to the town pump, and took turns pumping till we had it flooded all round there, so it would freeze last night, you know; and 'twould have made a first-rate skating-rink. But after we'd gone home Jack Hendry went and threw sticks and everything all over it just when it was freezing, and spoiled the whole rink.' Harold's eyes were flashing as he finished his account.

'That certainly was a mean thing to do,' Uncle Alec assented. 'But I don't understand why you want to be even with Jack.'

'I will get even with him, the mean scamp. You see if I don't,' persisted Harold.

Uncle Alec appeared to be considering. 'He is a "mean scamp," you say, and yet you want to get even with him. That seems very strange to me.'

Harold looked at his uncle wonderingly. What could he mean?

'See here, my boy,' Uncle Alec said suddenly; 'let me tell you what it means to "get even." We will say that here are two boys, Frank and John.' As he said this, he held his two hands up side by side. 'Now, Frank injures John in some way. He has done a "mean" action, so he has lowered himself. Do you see?' he questioned as he dropped one hand down lower than the other.

Harold nodded.

'Well,' went on Uncle Alec, 'John declares that he will "get even" with Frank. Now what does he mean by that? He means that he will do something just as "mean" to Frank as Frank did to him. That is, he will lower himself to Frank's level.' Uncle Alec dropped the other hand down on a level with the first one. 'See,' he said: 'he is even with him now.'

Harold looked sober, but said nothing, and presently he took his skates and started off again.

That evening he drew his chair up by the table at which his uncle Alec was at work, and looked up at him with a twinkle in his eye. 'Say uncle,' he began, 'I did get even with Jack.'

'You did!' Uncle Alec looked at him sharply, but was reassured by the laughing eyes. 'Well, how did you go about it?' he enquired.

'Well, you see,' said Harold, 'I got to thinking how cross I felt just because I couldn't skate this morning; and I made up my mind that, if I didn't have any skates and all the other boys did, probably I'd feel as mad about it as Jack does. It wouldn't be very much fun, that's sure. So this afternoon I asked him to go down to the river with me, and I told him he could use my skates half of the time. He looked at me awfully funny, but he went, and we had lots of fun.

'And say, what do you think he's done now? Well, sir, he's gone and pumped all the water himself to flood our skating-rink again, and it'll be just prime for next week.

'Now, don't you see, we're even,' Harold concluded with a little laugh; ''cause Jack isn't down there below any longer.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

THE WITNESS,

And What Our Friends are Saying About It.

Among the great Metropolitan Newspapers of the world the 'Witness' stands unique in that it was the first to demonstrate the possibility of success in Metropolitan Journalism 'along 'Witness' lines.' The London, England, 'Daily News' is the latest addition to the ranks of teetotal journalism. But teetotalism after all is only a negative virtue. Cleanliness in many other ways is even more important, and more important than all is a determination to be right and to do the right regardless.

The 'Witness' (Daily and Weekly) gives all the news that is worthy the attention of the average reader. It keeps its readers well informed on all subjects of interest. The cable, the telegraph, and the telephone, together with a staff of competent editors and reporters, all unite to make its news columns second to none.

The 'Witness' editorial pages are acknowledged by its readers on all sides to be both fair and forceful.

Reliable commercial news and quotations of the money, stock and produce markets are features that make it of great value in the world of commerce, finance and agriculture.

The 'Witness' special departments, such as 'The Home,' 'Literary Review,' 'Letters from Readers,' 'Boys' Page, 'Children's Corner,' 'Queries,' 'Agricultural,' 'Horticultural,' 'Veterinary,' 'Poultry,' 'Pets,' 'Medical,' 'Legal,' 'Numismatic,' 'Chess,' etc., etc., are ably conducted by specialists at a large expense, offering a most valuable privilege to 'Witness' readers.

In 1846 the 'Witness was started by the late John Dougall, and its aim was to supply the Dominion of Canada with the best possible newspaper. One which would always keep in mind high ideals and be 'for God and Home and Native Land.' The 'Witness' has grown since then. Modern machinery and present possibilities have made great improvements inevitable. But it has never outgrown the principles that are, so to say, engraved on its corner stone.

Few papers have had a continuous existence for so long a period. Fewer still have held to the same principles and have been controlled by the same family for anything like so long a time. The result is that the 'Witness' enjoys a loyal constituency that cannot be tempted to leave it in favor of any other publication.

A newspaper published on the 'Witness' lines needs the support of those who are willing to pay its subscription price for the reason that it voluntarily foregoes in the interest of its subscribers much revenue from pernicious advertisements, etc., that other publications accept regardless of their readers.

The 'Witness' is certainly unique among the great metropolitan newspapers of the world.

The Daily Witness

contains almost everything that appears in the Weekly, and has, of course, the advantage of bringing you the news every day.

The Weekly Witness

contains the best that appears in the 'Daily Witness,' besides giving somewhat more attention to agriculture and farmers' interests generally.

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SUBSCRIBERS' LETTERS:

Brantford Ont.

I read a number of papers on both sides of politics, and although I am an old Scotch Tory, the good old 'Witness' is my favorite paper, and if I was limited to only one paper I would without a moment's hesitation retain the 'Witness.'

ROBERT BURNS.

Star, Alta.

Dear Sirs,—Enclosed find one dollar—a year's subscription to the 'Weekly Witness,' beginning with New Year, 1905. The 'Witness' has always been the paper of my home, and now that I am away from home I find it indispensable.

I remain, yours truly, G. E. RICHARDS, Presbyterian Missionary.

London, Ont.

Enclosed please find an order for my renewal subscription. It seems to me the 'Witness' gets better in comparison with other papers, so thoroughly honest and fair to all, and on all questions. Yours truly, W. A. A. CLARIS.

Ashville, N.C.

Enclosed please find one dollar to renew my subscription to the 'Weekly Witness.' I cannot afford to do without the 'Witness' on account of the reliability of your editorials.

Respectfully,

THOS. M. HENRY.

Dawson, Yukon.

Enclosed please find postal note for one dollar, for which please send me the 'Weekly Witness.' The good old 'Witness' deserves the support of every Canadian who likes a good, clean, independent, patriotic newspaper whose reputation has been built upon honesty. H. J. WOODSIDE.

Lancaster, Ont.

We cannot do without the 'Witness.' If it should cease to be published, Canada would change its character for the worse inside of ten years. (Rev.) J. U. TANNER

[While the good people of Canada stand behind the 'Witness' there is no danger of its ceasing publication. But if all the good people thought and acted with Mr. Tanner, the 'Witness' would be a better paper than it is. Every added subscriber adds to its earning, and, therefore, to its spending power.]

Elmsdale, P.E.I.

Enclosed find one dollar, for renewal of your very newsy and invaluable paper, the 'Weekly Witness.' We have taken it for years, and would rather have it than any other paper.

LOUIS RENNIE.

The Northern Messenger.

A Weekly Illustrated Twelve Page Paper, Interesting Alike to Young and Old--Canada's Most Popular Sabbath-School Paper.

The 'Northern Messenger' contains nearly three times as much reading matter as any other paper of the same price, and we believe you will agree with us in thinking that the matter is of the most inspiring and interesting description.

It is full of story and illustration suitable to the children, who like to get it week by week from the post-office in their own names. A great many parents like to read its stories to their children at bed-time.

But its most surprising feature is its price. Forty cents is trifling for a weekly of that size and character for a whole year. Sunday schools enjoy special rates.

About the 'Northern Messenger.'

For a bit of Sunday reading commend me to the good old 'Northern Messenger,' writes W. S. Jamieson, of Dalton, Ont.

Mr. John McMillan, Charlottetown, P.E.I., writes: 'My wife could not do without the 'Messenger.' It is a splendid paper. Our friends in Scotland prize it very much.'

Chas. Gamble, secretary of Acton West Sunday-school, says: 'We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' in our Sunday-school the past six months, and are delighted with it, and believe it to be the best Sunday-school paper published.'

WORLD WIDE.

A Weekly Reprint of Articles from the Leading Journals and Reviews Reflecting the Current Thought of Both Hemispheres.

This remarkable and most readable journal has pushed its way, in a short time, beyond all expectations chiefly owing to the good will of its rapidly-growing constituency. Without wisdom of its own, 'World Wide' reflects the wisdom of the age—the day—the hour—the moment. Without opinions of its own 'World Wide' beats to the tick of modern British and American thought. 'World Wide' has found its place on the study table. Preachers, teachers, writers and thinkers generally have hailed it as a new and most welcome companion. As a pleasant tonic—a stimulant to the mind 'World Wide' has no peer—at the price, no equal among the journals of the day.

An effort is made to select the articles each week so that due proportion is given to the various fields of human interest—to the shifting scenes of the world's great drama, to letters and science and beautiful things. One of the very popular features of 'World Wide' is its selection of the best cartoons of the week.

As some one has said: "'World Wide' is a feast of reason—an intellectual treat.'

Regular readers of 'World Wide' are kept in touch with the world's thinking.

London, Eng., 12th Sept., 1904.

Dear Sir,—I wish to subscribe for your paper 'World Wide,' Specimen copies of which have reached me When I saw that this paper was published by John Dougall & Son, I felt that I must order it, for it was sure to be good. As a child I was taught to respect the name of John Dougall, and my late husband (the Rev. Dr. Burns, of Cote street Church, Montreal), was not behind my father in his regard for that noble man. As a Canadian I am proud of the 'Montreal Witness,' which takes the first place amongst the dailies of the country. It has long set an example which other papers might well copy. Wishing increasing success to all your publications, I am sincerely yours.

ELIZABETH H. BURNS.

PRESIDENT TROTTER, D.D.,
of Acadia University, says:
I look eagerly for your weekly collection of good things, and recommend the paper warmly to my friends.

S. E. DAWSON, Lit. D., KING'S PRINTER, says:
I take a good many papers, but 'World Wide' is the only one which I read without skipping.

Grenfell, Assa.

I find it almost indispensable to keep abreast with the best thought of the time.

J. NICHOLLS.

Fredericton, N.B.

I enclose, with much pleasure, renewal subscription to 'World Wide,' and wish to express my appreciation of its admirable selections.

WM. CROCKETT, LL.D.

(From the President of the G.N.W. Company.)

Toronto, Ont., 1904.

Gentlemen,—I consider 'World Wide' one of the very best of its class and would be very sorry to be without it.

H. P. DWIGHT.

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We are much pleased with 'World Wide,' and consider it the most valuable journal of the kind we have knowledge of.

DRS. HOLMES and McKEOUGH.

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'World Wide' is a delight to me. Read every word.

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I am delighted with 'World Wide.' The publication is superior to any of a similar kind that I have seen on either side of the Atlantic.

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'World Wide' is in the best sense catholic, not partisan. Its interests are human, not sentimental or sordid. Its selections are discriminating and of consequent value.

(Rev.) E. THOMAS.

Sumpter, Oreg

I can assure you 'World Wide' is appreciated by those whom I allow to read it. As an old Ontarian boy, I wish the proprietors of the 'Witness' and World Wide' success for their manly stand on public matters.

J. H. MACALLUM.

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A Vision.

(Annie Stephens, in the 'Alliance News.')

The Prime Minister of the British Isles sat with bowed head, pondering his position. He had until recently striven conscientiously to do what he believed to be right. True, his panic-stricken party had insisted on his receiving the Licensed Victuallers' deputation, and had told him plainly what it was his duty to say to them, in face of the crushing defeat of Rye and Woolwich. He had never felt quite easy about it; to his honorable mind it was playing the game very low indeed. The longer he held his exalted position, the more his chivalrous soul revolted from all the party trickery which seemed to be so inevitable.

On this particular Saturday evening he had just read a sweeping denunciation of his action re compensation, and the article asked if he knew anything whatever of the condition of affairs where the poor lived and where the drinking dens abounded. He felt that the accusation was true, and acting on a sudden impulse he rose, looked at the clock; it was nearly eleven! He put on an old coat and soft hat and sallied forth into the night.

He wondered vaguely where he should go to find the place where the poor lived. He had heard of Lambeth, and that seemed fairly near; Whitechapel was too far off, and hailing a cab he astonished the driver by telling him to drive to Lambeth.

'Wot part o' Lambeth do ye want, sir?' he queried.

'I hardly know,' said the Prime Minister helplessly,—fortunately the cabby had not recognized his distinguished fare—'I want to go,' and he hesitated, 'to the neighborhood where there are plenty of public-houses.'

'Oh!' laughed the cabby, 'it's "Come where the booze lies cheaper." All right, sir. I think I can manage that little job for ye,' and the Jehu remarked to himself, 'one of these writing blokes, I expect, wants to see 'ow the poor live.'

He was driven to a crowded street in Lambeth, and when the cabby stopped he asked the reason, 'Cawn't get dahn there, sir, with a keb; you just walk dahn. I'll wait this end.'

As the Prime Minister alighted a white-faced woman with a tattered shawl over her head rubbed shoulders with him. She was carrying a litle sickly baby in her arms, while two more toddlers tugged at her dress each side. 'So 'ungry,' wailed the youngsters, while their little feet in broken shoes seemed so tired they could scarcely stumble along. The woman stopped to speak to another. 'Seen my chap anywhere? Ever since four o'clock 'ave I bin a trampin' about tryin' to find 'im. Out of one pub into another; if I've b n in one I've bin in fifty, not a blessed bit o' grub 'ave these kids 'ad all day.'

'There 'e is,' said the other woman, pointing across the road, ''an blind drunk, too.'

The wife went up to the man who had promised to love and cherish her. 'Got any money left, Bill?' she pleaded, 'the kids is that 'ungry.'

'Money,' said the man with an oath, 'git your own money, you're allus a trapsing rahnd arter me,' and he gave her a smashing blow in the face which knocked her down. The Prime Minister turned sick with horror. The usual crowd quickly formed, and a policeman helped the poor woman up and said, 'Now then, get out o' this, else I shall have to run the lot o' you in.'

'Why don't you arrest that man?' asked the Prime Minister, angrily.

'Lor, yer 'onor,' said the policeman, looking at her with contempt, 'she's bin 'arf a dozen times an' any man if we run in every drunk of a Saturday night.'

'But under the New Act there should be no drunken persons.'

'Much you know about the New Act,' said Policeman Bill, who resented the interference.

The poor woman had disappeared by this time, and the Prime Minister, in spite of his bachelordom, wondered when those children would get anything to eat.

There was a flaring gin palace close by. The great man stepped inside. It was crammed to the doors by a crowd of men and women, all drinking, swearing and laughing. The disgusting language of some lads who were being served caused him to glance involuntarily at the bar. Yes, true, a woman, and he had chivalrous ideas of what was due to woman, a young and pretty woman, was serving them, and actually laughing at the filthy talk that made his ears tingle and caused him to blush like a great girl.

A scuffle took place just beside him, and a girl about sixteen, frantically drunk, commenced screaming at another. 'Chuck 'er aht, Bill,' said the barmaid, without so much as lifting her eyes from the beer engine. A drab of a woman near by was pouring gin down a baby's throat to stop its wailing.

The sights and the sounds sickened the Prime Minister, and to prevent an awful feeling of nausea, which was overpowering him, he stepped into the open air. A burly police-sergeant stood outside. 'What is this place worth?' asked the Prime Minister, 'for surely,' he thought, 'this place must be shut up.'

'That,' said the sergeant reflectively, 'it is worth eighty thousand pounds, I should think. It's a splendid property, too; all these houses belong to the same brewer. Yes, it's a first-rate property. Does a roaring trade Sunday and week-day. "Well conducted," did you say? Oh, yes, as good as most of 'em.'

'I suppose there is no other place in the neighborhood as large as this?'

'Good gracious, yes,' said the man, with a short laugh, 'I could take you to half a dozen as big in as many minutes. This is a paying neighborhood for pubs. See, there is a smaller house next door but one, two more across the way, and three more just round the corner.'

'But,' asked the astonished Minister, 'is the neighborhood so wealthy that it can support all these places?'

Again the sergeant laughed. 'Wealthy! Why they all live from hand-to-mouth about here, most of 'em in one room.'

'But how do the women and children live?' asked the gentleman.

'Ah,' that's another question; somebody's got to go short,' said the guardian of the law, moving away, feeling [illegible] lowering his dignity by talking so long to this respectable chap.

The crowd jostled the Prime Minister as he passed on. He had hardly gone half a dozen steps before he saw in a doorway a pathetic group. A little wizened girl of about ten years of age sat holding a baby in her arms, and was trying to quiet its feeble crying, while another [illegible] was sobbing at her side.

'What are you children doing here?' asked the great man. 'Where is your mother?' 'In there,' said the girl, pointing to another gin palace, 'they are both drunk, and I dare not go. I can't carry baby any further. Stop, Bobby, don't cry,' said the poor child to her little brother.

'But what are you going to do?' asked the gentleman.

'I dunno, sir,' said the girl pathetically. 'Mother's got the key an' the room's locked up.'

The Prime Minister looked round in vain for a policeman to look after these little ones. They were all busy with two drunken fights going on further down the road.

Just then the big doors opposite opened outwards, and a man and woman quarrelling and swearing were pushed out.

'There's mother,' said the child. 'but, lor, ain't she drunk!' She went across the road with the baby in her arms, to a filthy besotted creature leaning against the wall, whose vile language and blasphemies filled the air.

'Gimme the key, mother,' said a plaintive little voice, 'baby an' Bobby are that tired!'

The drunken virago took no heed, and the child endeavored by holding the baby on one arm to find her pocket. 'Lemme alone,' said the woman, and with a sudden access of anger she gave the child a violent push which sent her into the gutter, and fell herself, her head striking against the corner of the curbstone. A policeman rushed up and tried to lift up the woman, but her head fell back in a helpless manner, and a 'sixpenny' doctor, who was hastily summoned from a neighboring dispensary, declared that her neck was broken. The baby was also injured and taken off to the hospital, while the police took charge of the other children.

'Dead,' thought the Prime Minister, 'and with those blasphemies on her lips!' and feeling physically weak with horror he turned back to find his cab.

It was not many yards away, but he could hardly bear the sights he saw as he traversed those few steps.

'Good God,' he exclaimed, 'how the children suffer!'

The sights he had seen and the sounds he had heard would not let him sleep that night, and after his vigil he had a very different idea of the person to whom the compensation should go.

Tear It Off.

It May Not Appear Again.

The page offer of prizes and profits is so placed that it can be torn off and used in canvassing for subscriptions if so desired. Even children can with it make a good canvass, as they can let it tell its own story. Young men or women wishing to pursue their studies will enter the competition eagerly and do well at it.

God Pity Them All.

(The Rev. E. N. Ruddock.)

There's many a mother, and sister, and wife,
Heart-broken and burdened and weary of life,
Who weep for their loved ones, sigh over their fall;
Such wailings and anguish—God pity them all!

A child has been seeking from morning till noon;
Who's that they have pushed out from yonder saloon?
All covered with blood and with eyes staring wild.
'It's father, my father'—God pity the child!

'No one had a husband, I venture to say,
More noble than mine; though he drifted away.
I sit down in sackcloth, Oh! friend of my life,
Through drink he has fallen'—God pity the wife!

Of earthly dependence my life is bereft;
Oh! spare me my darling; he's all I have left;
Alas! he is ruined, my last earthly joy.'
God pity the widow!—God pity the boy!

I hear the sad wailings of these stricken lives;
I hear the rum demon tell widows and wives:
'The business is legal; you have no redress,'
He laughs at their anguish, and mocks their distress.

LESSON VII.—NOV. 13.

Joash Repairs the Temple.

II. Kings xii., 4-15.

Golden Text.

We will not forsake the house of our God. Nehemiah x., 39.

Home Readings.

Monday, Nov. 7.—II. Kings xii., 4-15.

Tuesday, Nov. 8.—II. Chron. xxiv., 15-26.

Wednesday, Nov. 9.—II. Chron. xxxiii., 3-17.

Thursday, Nov. 10.—II Kings xxii, 3-14

Friday, Nov. 11.—II. Chron. xxiv., 3-13.

Saturday, Nov. 12.—II. Chron. iii., 1-13.

Sunday, Nov. 13.—II. Chron. xxiv., 1-14.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

As soon as Joash had been made king and the wicked Athaliah had been slain, the people went to the house of Baal and destroyed it, and slew the priest of Baal.

Jehoiada, the wise and forceful high priest, realized that this was the opportunity to strike at the idolatry that had become so strongly intrenched in Judah. Thus while the people were so exultant over the new king, in the place of the murderess who had usurped the throne, Jehoiada bound them with a covenant that they should be the Lord's people. They had just seen his success, as a priest of God, in giving them their rightful ruler, and at the same time ridding the land of Athaliah, a worshipper of Baal. Naturally they were in a mood to follow Jehoiada's advice.

Joash was also brought from the temple to the royal palace by the military and the people, and the land again rejoiced, with the worship of God restored at Jerusalem, and a descendant of David on the throne.

But the temple had suffered during the period of Athaliah's influence. Stanley says of it, 'The temple became a quarry for the rival sanctuary. The stones and the sacred vessels were employed to build or to adorn the temple of Baal, which rose, as it would seem, even within the temple precincts, with its circle of statues, and its sacred altars.'

In this lesson we have the account of the repairing of the temple. Like the last, this is rather a historical lesson. Joash began to reign about 878 B.C., according to Ussher. Jehu was king of Israel, and Hazael king of Syria. Read also the account in II. Chronicles xxiv. The king's name is spelled 'Joash' and 'Jehoash.'

THE ROYAL ORDER.

1. 'And Jehoash said to the priests, All the money of the dedicated things that is brought into the house of the Lord, even the money of every one that passeth the account, the money that every man is set at, and all the money that cometh into any man's heart to bring into the house of the Lord.

5. 'Let the priests take it to them, every man of his acquaintance: and let them repair the breaches of the house, whersoever any breach shall be found.'

Joash seems to have been much under the influence of Jehoiada, the high priest, to whom he owed so much, but he doubtless had a genuine love for the temple, which had been to him a haven of refuge during the life of Athaliah. It was natural, also, that the restoration of the worship of God should be followed by the repairing of the damaged temple.

The first thing was to secure funds, and Joash directed the priests, and according to Chronicles, the Levites, to collect money. Not only were voluntary gifts to be secured, but a regular tax collected.

In Chronicles we are told that the king not only commanded these things, but he urged haste in the matter.

THE ORDER DISOBEYED.

6. 'But it was so, that in the three and twentieth year of king Jehoash the priests had not repaired the breaches of the house.

7. 'Then king Jehoash called for Jehoiada the priest, and the other priests, and said unto them, Why repair ye not the breaches of to the house? now therefore receive no more money of your acquaintance, but deliver it for the breaches of the house.

8. 'And the priests consented to receive no more money of the people, neither to repair the breaches of the house.'

The king's order was not obeyed, and when Joash had reached the twenty-third year of his reign, matters were yet at a standstill. We do not know how long he had reigned before the repairing of the temple was ordered, but presumably it was several years, as he himself was old enough to outline the plan himself.

It is not charged that the priests misapplied any money, but they did not raise it fast enough. There may have been several reasons. The temple had now stood for a century and a half, and extensive repairs may have been needed in addition to the damage done by the Baal worshippers. Then, the people had not wholly turned to God, still sacrificing in the 'high places,' and probably were not very enthusiastic givers.

So Joash took matters out of their hands, and they turned over what they held for the purpose and ceased to collect any more.

A NEW METHOD.

9. 'But Jehoiada the priest took a chest, and bored a hole in the lid of it, and set it beside the altar, on the right side as one cometh into the house of the Lord: and the priests that kept the door put therein all the money that was brought into the house of the Lord.

10. 'And it was so, when they saw that there was much money in the chest, that the king's scribe and the high priest came up, and they put up in bags, and told the money that was found in the house of the Lord.'

Raising money for the building of the Lord's house has never been a very easy talk, and as the first plan did not succeed, another was tried. In Chronicles we are told that Joash reminded Jehoiada of the collection that Moses took for the tabernacle, when he inquired of him why this money for repairing the temple had not been raised.

So a chest was provided and a hole made in the lid, and they issued a proclamation that the people should bring in the collection called for by Moses.

This was followed by a glad response as we see by Chronicles, and the money in abundance was soon gathered, the chest having to be emptied repeatedly, and the money counted.

THE MONEY APPLIED.

11. 'And they gave the money, being told, into the hands of them that did the work, that had the oversight of the house of the Lord: and they laid it out to the carpenters and builders, that wrought upon the house of the Lord.

12. 'And to masons, and hewers of stone, and to buy timber and hewed stone to repair the breaches of the house of the Lord, and for all that was laid out for the house to repair it.

13. 'Howbeit there were not made for the house of the Lord bowls of silver, snuffers, basons, trumpets, any vessels of gold, or vessels of silver, of the money that was brought into the house of the Lord;

14. 'But they gave it to the workmen, and repaired therewith the house of the Lord.

15. 'Moreover they reckoned not with the men, into whose hand they delivered the money to be bestowed on workmen: for they dealt faithfully.'

The money that was now so abundantly collected was not kept lying in the treasury, but at once applied to the work for which it was intended. Those who had charge of the workmen were provided with the money to pay them, and to buy materials for building.

In verse 13 you will notice that it says that of the money there were not made the various vessels and instruments used in the temple; yet in II. Chronicles xxiv., 14, it says: 'They brought the rest of the money before the king and Jehoiada, whereof were mare vessels.' This is not a contradiction as to fact, though at first sight the wording gives it that appearance. The idea is that the money was applied to the temple repairs until they were all complete, none being held back for the vessels, etc. After the work on the building was finished, however, the remainder was used for these furnishings.

So heartily and faithfully was the work being performed that the overseers, to whom the money was entrusted, were not obliged to render an account.

Thus did Joash repair the temple of the Lord, that had been to him a house of refuge, and in this way was he helped by his people. It would be pleasant if we could read of his having the same zeal for the Lord's interests during the remainder of his life, but we cannot. Read the rest of the story of Joash.

The lesson for November 20 is, 'Isaiah's Message to Judah.' Isaiah i., 1-9, 16-20.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Nov. 13.—Topic—Our partnership and fellowship. I. Cor. xii., 28-31; xii., 1-13.

Junior C. E. Topic.

GOD'S POWER.

Monday, Nov. 7.—The hard-hearted king. Ex. vii., 1-13.

Tuesday, Nov. 8.—A river turned to blood. Ex. vii., 14-25.

Wednesday, Nov. 9.—The plague of frogs. Ex. viii., 1-15.

Thursday, Nov. 10.—Two more punishments. Ex. viii., 16-32.

Friday. Nov. 11.—Pharaoh's hard heart. Ex. ix., 1-35.

Saturday, Nov. 12.—More trouble. Ex. x., 1-29.

Sunday, Nov. 13.—Topic—A wilful king and an all-powerful God. Ex. xi., 1-10; xii., 29-33.

Boys Who Get Out The Absentees.

There is a class of eight boys connected with the new Congregational Church of White Plains, New York, which has run for six months without a single absence, and would have held the roll of honor for eight months if one boy had not been absent and kept at home two Sundays with the mumps. So intense is this interest in the standard of attendance that one boy who was away for a week came back thirty miles to attend the session; and another boy, who is working every other Sunday for a druggist, goes in his lunch hour to report as present. If a boy is tardy, a delegation of the boys go out and hustle after him. A boy is only permitted to join the class upon his solemn pledge that he will try to keep up the standard of attendance. The class has been formed into a club called the Perry Club, taking for its standard the thought of stick-to-it-iveness in Commodore Perry's words, 'Do not give up the ship, boys.' They have had a club meeting one evening each week. One evening a month is given to a debate, another to reading some standard work or playwriter such as Shakespeare, and another to a talk on some practical subject.

Events of the world are discussed, and each boy writes one hundred words on the life of some man of prominence in the business world. These meetings are conducted according to parliamentary rules, and have been very interesting. At the close of each meeting a social half-hour is spent in games, etc. The Sunday-school lessons are followed, but some lesson of practical value to the boys' life is drawn from the lesson, and emphasized by the teacher, Mr. W. S. Phillips; an architect. At the review of each quarter's lesson each boy in the school is expected to answer for himself what he considers had been to him the most helpful thought of each lesson. This class of big boys is the banner class of the school,—a very unusual sight indeed, as they are at the age that boys usually leave the Sunday-school.—Frank W. Over, New York City, in the 'S.S. Times.'

Correspondence

Guelph, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I saw a number of letters in your paper from girls of about my age, so I thought I would write, too. I am thirteen years old, and have three little brothers, and their names are Douglas, aged 6; Kenneth, aged 4; and Baby Ernest, aged 2. It is sometimes hard work to take care of all the boys, but I would not change my position for any you could offer me. I am in the first form at the Collegiate Institute here, and I am very fond of the school work. One of my classmates passed the entrance pretty high last year, and is only ten years old. I wonder if many of the 'Messenger' readers can show such a good record. As we live in the city, we have not any large pets. However, we have some guinea-pigs, and father keeps some bantam chickens. I would love to live on a farm, and have horses and cows and dear little pigs. I don't think I would mind the work very much, but I would like to live in town in the winter. Well, I must say good-bye.

GRETA M. C.

Guelph, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I saw all the other letters in the 'Messenger,' and I thought I would write a letter also. I have four guinea-pigs, but one of them is dead. There are two old ones and two young ones. They are about three inches long. I mean, the young ones are. The old ones are about six inches long. Father has about fifty chickens. I will make my letter as long as I can. I have two brothers and one sister. Kenneth is four and the baby is two years; I am six years of age. My sister is thirteen years old, and tall for her age. Anyway, she is bigger than I am.

C. DOUGLAS C.

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—I wrote to the 'Messenger' once before, and was very glad to see my letter in print. I am in the senior fourth class at school. I tried the entrance this year, but I am sorry to say I failed. In regard to what Dorothy R. says about studying geography, I will say that geography is my worst subject. I failed in it when I tried the entrance. I agree with the rest of the correspondents when I say that the 'Messenger' is a lovely paper, and I would not like to be without it. The last time I wrote to the 'Messenger' I had a St. Bernard dog for a pet, but we gave him away, and now I haven't any pets at all. I was twelve years old on June 2. I have no sisters or brothers. I do not see many letters from Toronto. I think that when a correspondent writes he should not write on one subject only, but on different ones, so that it would interest all. I guess you think my letter is never going to end, so I will close, wishing the 'Messenger' every success.

MINNIE S. H.

P.S.—Please tell me if this letter is too long.

Not too long at all. We want you to write the longest, most interesting letters you can. There is a great deal of room on this page for really entertaining letters.—Cor. Ed.

Olney, Colorado.

Dear Editor,—Having been a reader of the 'Messenger' for some time now, and having enjoyed some very fine letters in the Correspondence Page from readers in all parts of the country, I think it is about time that I should contribute some sort of a letter to this delightful portion of our paper which the Editor has so kindly set aside for us. First of all, I will describe the country in which I live. The little town of Olney is situated in the Arkansas Valley. It is forty miles east of Pueblo, and one hundred and sixty miles south-east of Denver. The farmer raises everything here, such as alfalfa, grain, sugar beets, fruit, cantaloupes and melons. Alfalfa is a crop which is cut three or four times a year, and is fed to cattle. When it blossoms it is ready to be cut. Then it is baled and shipped to eastern and southern states. The farmer receives from $4 to $9 per ton for it. Sugar beets are raised here in a large acreage. Large tracts of land were ploughed and planted in sugar beets, four years ago. The beets test from 12 percent to 17 percent, and the farmer receives $5.00 per ton this year for them. The sugar factory is located at Sugar City, that is, just thirteen miles east of here. I went through the factory on Sugar Day, and found that it was very interesting and many things could be learned. This month (October) they are pulling the beets and sending them to the factory. They have beet dumps at the switch which they drive upon, then the beets are dumped into cars below. This dump is made of lumber, and is about ten feet high. I suppose several of the readers know what cantaloupes are? They are somewhat like a musk-melon, but smaller and sweeter. There are several acres raised here every year. All farming is done here by irrigation. As the snow melts the water runs off the mountains and into the Arkansas River. It is then let into a canal and from there into smaller ditches. These ditches lead down to the farms and the water is let on to the crops. Water Melon Day is held at Rocky Ford every year. Several thousands of people, from all parts of the state, attend this fair. Nine thousand water-melons were given away this year. Two years ago some of my friends and I took a trip to the mountains. We went to a small place by the name of Green Mountain Falls. We went through eight tunnels on our way up there. Green Mountain Falls is a very pretty and popular summer resort. It is nine miles west from Manitou, and fifteen miles from Colorado Springs, being about 7,000 feet above sea level. We gathered many pretty flowers as we were climbing the mountains. We tried to get to the top of Mount Esther, but as we all got very tired, we were compelled to turn and go back when little over half way. We found it very much more difficult to go down than going up. I can say that I enjoyed that trip very much, and only wish that the editor onf 'Messenger' readers could go there and enjoy themselves. I am sure you would all have a delightful time. I have many more things to tell, but fearing this letter will be too lengthy, I must close for this time. With best wishes to all.

S. C. W.

Springside, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years of age. I live on a farm of one hundred and sixty acres, two miles north-west of Springside, which is our nearest post-office. I have two sisters, one niece and one nephew. My oldest sister is twenty years old, and my other sister is twelve years of age. My nephew is three years old and my niece is two years old. The scenery is very beautiful round here in the fall. I will tell you what I have as pets. I have a tortoiseshell cat, one white kitten, two black ones, and one yellow one. I have one cow and a calf of my own. We have thirty-one big cattle, nine calves and five horses. I am in the fifth reader. I enjoy reading the stories and the letters in the 'Messenger' very much.

HANNA A. H.

Beulah, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have just been reading some of the letters in the 'Messenger.' I have never written any myself, but am going to do so to-day. I get the 'Messenger' at the Sunday-school, and like it very much. Clara D. is the secretary. I go to Beulah School, which is a quarter of a mile from my home. I am in the fourth book at school. I have a grandma in Colorado, and one three miles and a half from Beulah. I have no sisters or brothers, and no pets. I am twelve years old.

HARRY P.

Sand Bay, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I live in Lansdown. I am twelve years old. I am in the fourth reader. I have a dog, and his name is Rover. I have a horse named Deck. My papa lives on a farm of one hundred and fifty acres. We have twelve cows. Our factory is a few rods from our door. The church and the post-office are near. I was at Brockville fair this year. When we were going down we had to stand up in the car. One hundred and forty people got on at Lansdown. When we got there we went and had dinner. Then we got a cab and went to the fair ground. I saw a merry-go-round run by steam. I am a reader of the 'Messenger.'

DONALD B.

Chatsworth.

Dear Editor,—For many years I have longed to write to you, but I have never thought I could escape the waste paper basket until now. Now, dear Editor and readers of the 'Messenger,' I am going to try and describe to you how I spent my summer holidays. I was not away at all this summer except for a few days. It was a very unusual thing for me, for every summer I generally go away for three or four weeks. But this summer I had just got a new set of croquet and a pair of new swimming blocks, and as we had a tent up in our backyard under a large maple tree, I wanted to stay at home. There was hardly a day in the holidays but what there were some girl friends of mine here, and often three and four at a time. We put in some pretty jolly times when we were picking berries, swimming (or, rather, learning to swim), or playing croquet. It was also fine sleeping in the tent, except on rainy or on windy nights. One night there were six of us sleeping in the tent, and about one o'clock some of us were wakened by the thunder and rain. As the tent was pretty old, the rain came through on two of our beds. We were pretty well crowded that night, as six of us had to sleep on four beds. Another night there were only three of us slept out, when a great wind storm came on, the two doors blew open, and we were afraid the tent would blow down, so we wrapped quilts around ourselves and came into the house. Those who slept in the house made fun of us in the morning, and said that we were afraid to sleep out ourselves, but that was not the case. When we would go in swimming it would be fine fun for those who could swim, and sometimes for those who were learning. We nearly always went in the evening about six o'clock. One night there were eight of us in the river. It was the first night for my new swimming blocks. I thought I was all right when I had them, so I splashed right into the water and the strap broke. I went right under water. I did not like it for the time, but after, when I was all right, I got my blocks fixed again and tried them again. It was much better the second time. We would go in every nice evening. Say, have any of you ever gone berry-picking? When a whole crowd of boys and girls go it is almost as good as a picnic. At least, I think so, don't you? Now, dear Editor and readers of the 'Messenger,' as this is my first letter, I think it is long enough, so I will close.

L. H. V. P. (aged 13).

Boy's Set Up in Business.

Johnny had a lot of marbles in his pocket and Frankie had none. So Frankie asked Johnny to give him a 'set up,' which Johnny goodnaturedly did. In just the same way the firm of John Dougall & Son will give to any school boy or girl who asks at once a 'set up' of two dollars and forty cents' worth of 'World Wide,' which sell at three cents a copy in Montreal, and usually five cents a copy elsewhere. But in this case, whether our young merchants get three cents or five cents, they keep the entire proceeds for themselves, thus getting two dollars and forty cents in perhaps two hours.

The newsboys in Montreal buy copies of 'World Wide' and sell them at three cents a copy, and make a good deal of money in a short time every Saturday.

School boys and girls all over Canada and the United States could do the same thing But to them we will GIVE TWO DOLLARS AND FORTY CENTS' worth of our publications free of charge. They need only fill out the following blank and send it to us. We will immediately send them the latest issue.

It is our hope that we will in this way discover boys and girls all over the country who will act as our permanent agents, and to such we will send free of charge a rubber stamp with their name and address, also a bag and other agents' accessories.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son,
Publishers, Montreal.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me a 'set up' of 'World Wide' copies, which I will sell at the rate of three cents a copy, on condition that all I make I keep for my own.

Name.....

Address.....

HOUSEHOLD.

Maternal Piety.

In the fascinating life of the Rev. Samuel Robins Brown, by William Elliot Griffis, there is more than a suggestion that this great and good man, fitly styled 'A Maker of the New Orient,' owned the deep spirituality of his nature to his pious and gifted mother. Doctor Brown's memory is precious in the Reformed Church, as it is precious in missionary annals, especially in the annals of Japan. His mother was Phebe Hinsdale Brown, whose hymn, 'I love to steal awhile away from every cumbering care,' has been sung by thousands in the closet and in the worshipping assembly. Limited means, hard work, rural life with few social opportunities and the exceeding simplicity of her surroundings did not prevent this New England mother in the early part of the century from offering her continual sacrifices of prayer, praise and self-denial to God. Out of her poverty she sent constant contributions to the cause of foreign missions, and as she went about among her friends and neighbors she talked of the Lord's kingdom and enlisted their interest. In 1806 in the shelter of a never-to-be-forgotten haystack, a group of students in Williams College held a prayer meeting which grew into the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions. 'Samuel R. Brown was thirteen days old when the American Board was formed. When Mrs. Brown heard the news she took her baby in her arms and in a thrill of rapture dedicated him to God to bear his good news of love to distant lands.'

The rich fruitage of that dedicated life is in the Orient to-day. The story of that life is as eloquent as many a missionary sermon. Hundreds and thousands of those whom Doctor Brown, an incomparable teacher, led to Christ and enlightened with treasures of his knowledge, call him blessed here, and will thank him in the bright hereafter. How much of the success, of the nobility, of the consecration of that grand life of God's servant may we not trace to the mother who bore him, and who nurtured him in the admonition of the Lord.

From time to time we hear regrets that fewer men than of old devote themselves to the Christion ministry. Household religion is, we are told, at a lower ebb than once. The Sabbath is less scrupulously observed than in former days. Young men and women, from the homes of professing Christians, go to college, and have not the ability to pass even a superficial examination in the Scriptures. We are informed in certain quarters that the Bible has already lost its hold on this generation.

We are far from admitting that these accusations are wholly true, or from acknowledging that family religion is on the wane. Yet were it so the burden of blame would of necessity lie at parental doors, and since the mother watches over life in the earlier years with a closer guardianship, than is the privilege of the father, the mother could not evade a portion of the responsibility. Maternal piety, sincere, absorbing, sacrificial, cannot but elevate the children under its blessed influence. A man may wander from the old paths, may refuse to honor his father's God, may dally with temptation and plunge into sin, but he can never entirely get away from his mothers teachings, his mother's example and his mother's prayers. In the background of his life, his mother stands, moulding him with or against his will, and shaping the issues which affect his character.

We need pious mothers, who go by themselves to pray for their children, and who live Christ before their children. The mother may not be clever or brilliant or liberally educated; she may have had few opportunities for seeing much of the great world, but if she belong to that band who evermore like Mary sit at the Master's feet, if the very stuff and fibre of her soul be fragrant with love to her Lord, her sons and daughters will inevitably belong to him; not only in the pulpit, but in the pew as well are those found whose good works and serene faith testify to the lasting influence of maternal piety.—'The Christian Intelligencer.'

The New Neighbor.

(Mrs. Charles A. S. Dwight, in the New York 'Observer.')

Who is one's neighbor? In the city the neighbor is the person who lives 'next door.' We know him and his very well by sight at least, because we see him go out and in. His children play on the sidewalk, or in the back yard, and we soon learn their names, as they call one to another and their mother speaks to them from the window. We grow to know the mother, too, as she is met formally, in her parlor when we call—or perhaps we speak first over the garden fence, about the weather or the flowers, when she is out in the back yard, and we are in ours.

Possibly one of the children has been taken with some sudden illness, and an answer to a ring at the door bell, late at night, shows a white face outside, and the new neighbor, with many apologies, for disturbing our slumbers, asks if we have 'any mustard.' They must put a plaster on Johnny, and there seems to be 'not a particle' in the house. We bring the mustard gladly, and the next morning run in to inquire as to Johnny's condition. We are welcomed with the words 'Much better, thanks. It was so forunate you had the mustard and supplied it so kindly!' Presently we learn to know the neighbors right well. They are so near by that it is no great effort to speak and be pleasant, and to make them feel a little at home in a strange city.

In the country, however, it is somewhat different. People must there 'go out of their way' to be pleasant, literally as well as figuratively. It is often quite a little effort this making time to go and see our own friends. Yet this is one of the most important duties, if we would be an influence for good in the neighborhood in which we dwell. There is no small attention more appreciated than a pleasant, friendly call in the country, on a family of newcomers. Usually they are tired and lonely and homesick. They have been transplated as it were into cold soil, and have not yet taken root. A pleasant smile, an interested manner and a kindly welcome to the neighborhood, will, in nine cases out of ten, be hailed with delight.

How often this comparatively simple duty is neglected! A young man remarked in our hearing that his family had moved into a country neighborhood, several years ago, and that for two years not a soul called upon them—not even a single person from the church which they attended! Let us hope things are different in the neighborhood where you live who may read these words.

A family, consisting of a husband, wife and several children, after living a number of years abroad, returned to this country and rented a pretty farm just out of a small village where it would be inexpensive to live and be healthy for the children. To their surprise they were practically let alone. They were not invited to any of the general sociabilities of the place, and were moreover dubbed 'the foreigners,' no one taking the trouble to find out whether they were really foreign or not.

Such treatment is neither polite nor Christian. Is it simply impossible for you to drop in and visit the strangers? You may at least ask a friend to do so, bearing a message of kindness from you. lest they think you indifferent. Such attentions are highly appreciated, and they cost absolutely nothing save a little time and thought.

But if you can go, and visit the stranger in person, do so now. Do not drive or walk by and let that strange face look reproachfully at you from the window. Ask these neighbors to go to your church with you next Sunday, if they have no other church connection. Take them to the sociable. Let the little boy and girl go on that nutting excursion you are planning. They will be glad to go, and their parents will be pleased to have them noticed. We can all stand a little petting with a good grace. Moreover, when you tell them the village gossip, do not 'set them against' anybody. Talk kindly and cheerfully and draw out the best there is in them. Do this, and you will be glad you went!

Women Should Have Money to Spend.

Having the bills paid is all very well. It's much better than not having them paid. But women like the handling of money as well as do men. They like to pay for their own purchases and open their own parcels. If you men cannot sympathize with this eccentricity, consider how well you like to open your own mail. Consider how well you'd have liked going through college with all your bills paid, but not a cent in your pocket. Consider, while you are considering, how you would like being asked to a banquet and having somebody else eat for you. I have known women whose fathers were millionnaires and whose bills were paid without question, who were compelled to wait for the carriage, whatever their errand or its distance, because they never had carfare. Invariably these women were reckless in extravagance. They rarely asked the price of things ordered, as it was a matter of no concern to them. Yet with the rare and precious cash dollars that came their way they were economical to the verge of stinginess. The moral whereof is plain.

If you would have your womenfolk economical, let them handle money and learn to respect its value.

When a father gives his son an allowance, he should do the same for his daughter; not as a matter of material favor—for the daughter's bills might double the son's allowance—but as a matter of discipline, of financial experience and education. The girls who dress and keep themselves within the limits of a stipulated allowance are usually the best dressed; yet their bills are invariably much smaller. It is to their interest to get all they can for their money and their dollars go twice as far as the girls whose bills are paid. And these are the girls whose training is fitting them to be good wives and helpmates of men, provided the men they marry have sufficient shrewdness to share their confidences and their incomes, and to trust their wives to aid in making the family fortunes solid. In the humbler walks of life, where the husband's earnings are so scant it is incredible that they can cover the mean necessities of life, those households are uniformly more thrifty where the husband turns over his entire earnings to the wife. Somehow she always manages to supply the wants and to keep the bills paid; and somewhere, though he cannot see just how she does it, there's a nest-egg growing by hard-saved dimes and dollars for the inevitable 'rainy day.'—Susan Hubbard Martin, in the 'Northwestern Christian Advocate.'

Selected Recipes.

'Romona' sand iches are named from Helen Hunt Jackson's pretty Indian story, and are well worth the trouble of making. Chop about equal quantities of figs, dates, raisins, citron or any candied fruits and a very little candied peel. Place lightly in a square mold, and pour over it melted jelly. If the jelly is not firm add a little gelatine when melting it. Move a fork gently through the mass to be sure the jelly settles all around the fruit. Set the mold in a cold place until cold and firm; then turn out and cut off the jelly in thin slices. Serve on thin bits of brown bread very lightly buttered.

Potatoes au Gratin.—Cut cold boiled potatoes into slices a quarter of an inch thick; put two tablespoonfuls of butter into a saucepan, when melted, add one tablespoonful of flour half a pint of milk, and stir until boiling; take from the fire; add the yolks of four eggs and four tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Put a layer of this in the bottom of a baking-dish, then a layer of the cold potatoes sliced or chopped, then a layer of the sauce, and so continue until the dish is filled. Sprinkle over the top fine breadcrumbs, and brown in a quick oven.—'Ladies' Home Journal.'

Easy Winners.

Probably none of our readers thought that the first week's prizes would be won on such small subscription remittances—and many will be more inclined to try now that they see how easy it is to win a prize. Those commissions and prizes are offered each week for nine weeks more

Household Hints.

Take a nap in the afternoon if you are going to be out late in the evening.

Walk with your hands behind you if you find yourself becoming bent forward.

Wash silver in clean, hot water, and wipe dry with a canton flannel cloth. Never use soap in washing silver.

Before using lemons always roll them a while with your hand on a table and they will yield a large quantity of juice.

Never place a range or cooking stove opposite a window or door if it can be avoided, as any draft will prevent the oven from baking well.

A simple remedy for a sore throat is one teacupful of water, one tablespoonful of vinegar, and half a teaspoonful of red pepper, mixed together and used as a gargle every half hour.

Boys and Girls,

Show your teacher, your superintendent or your pastor, the following 'World Wide' list of contents.

Ask him if he thinks your parents would enjoy such a paper.

If he says yes then ask your father or mother if they would like to fill up the blank Coupon at the bottom of this column, and we will send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge, for one month.

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The following are the contents of the issue of Oct. 22, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Losses in Manchuria—The New York 'Evening Post'
Secretary Taft Criticises Parker—American Papers.
Judge Parker's Reply to Secretary Taft—The New York 'Tribune.'
Mr. Cleveland Urges Young Man to Vote the Democratic Ticket—The 'Saturday Evening Post,' Philadelphia.
New York in Presidential Elections—The New York 'Evening Post.'
The Peace Congress—'Public Opinion,' New York.
Mr. Balfour at Edinburgh—'Not a Protectionist.' Abridged Report—English Papers.
Extracts from Mr. Chamberlain's Speech at Luton—English Papers.
British Efficiency—Lord Brassey on the Economy of High Wages—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Appreciations of Sir William Harcourt—The Manchester 'Guardian,' Liberal; the 'Standard,' Conservative.
Mr. Balfour's Tribute to Sir William Harcourt—English Papers.
Lady Tweedmouth: An Appreciation—By a Politician and a Friend—The Westminster 'Budget.'
Insurance for the Self-Supporting Woman—'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Richard Strauss and Commercialism in Art—The New York 'Tribune.'
Roses for Pot-Boilers—The Westminster 'Gazette.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Need of the Times—Oliver Wendell Holmes.
Mr. Cleveland's Book—The New York 'Times' Saturday Review.'
The Brethren—Rider Haggard's New Novel—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Two Stories of New York Life—'The Cost' and 'The Mastery'—The 'Literary Digest,' New York.
Are We Ashamed?—Sermon by the Bishop of London—The 'Church Times,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Sanitary and Surgical Methods of the Japanese—Dr. L. L. Seaman Tells What He Saw—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Sir William MacEwan on Appendicitis—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Ben Nevis Observatory—The 'Scotsman,' Edinburgh.
Rudyard Kipling on Motors—The Manchester 'Guardian.'—
The Little English Loaf—Superiority of Foreign Wheats—'Daily Telegraph, London.

THINGS OLD AND NEW.

Croquets of Salmon.—Pour off liquid from one can of salmon, empty the meat into a bowl, and pick out bones and skin. Wash the meat as smooth as possible, moisten with a little milk, add pepper, salt, a tablespoonful of butter, and two eggs. Mix thoroughly and put on ice for two or three hours. When time to serve have grease boiling. With a fork separate portions of the mixture, rolling it in egg and breadcrumbs, drop in pan, and fry a light brown.

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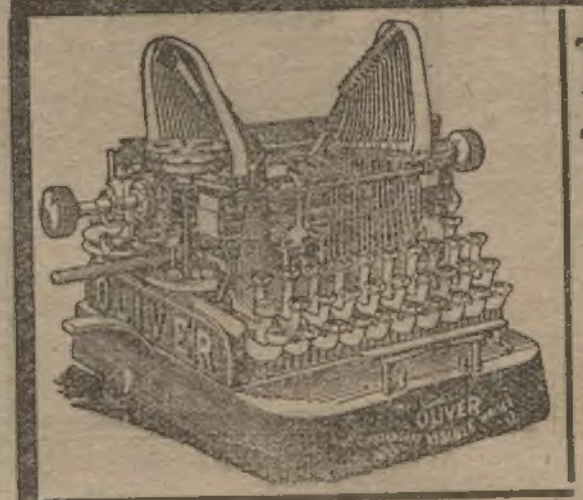

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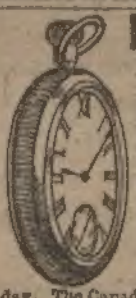

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